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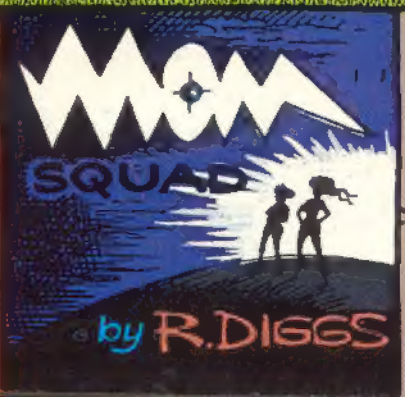

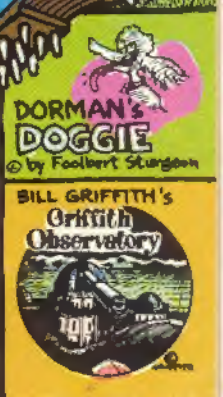

E.Z. WOLF'S KANGAROO COURT

BY TED RICHARDS

TODAY'S DOCKET FEATURES A "HOT" CASE AGAINST THE KING OF DISCO DANCE — JOHN REVOLTA!

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WELL, JOHN, THE OL' KANGAROO COURT KIND OF HATES TO JUMP ON PEOPLE FOR DOIN' THEIR OWN THING AND HAVIN' A GOOD TIME — BUT THIS DISCO DANCIN' HAS GOTTEN OUT O' HAND!!

YEAH, BUT IT'S REALLY NOT MY FAULT. I'M — I'M JUST AN ACTOR! WHY DON'T YOU GET TH' BIGWIG PRODUCERS!

9-18-78 #213

OH, WE ALREADY GOT 'EM GOOD, JOHN — WE JUST FELT YOU SHOULD GET A LITTLE TASTE TOO — AFTER ALL, YOU ARE TH' IMAGE!

B-BUT HEY MAN- IT AIN'T RIGHT! I'M JUST TRYIN' TO MAKE A BUCK!!

— DON'T WORRY! YOU'LL BE PAID $5.00 AN HOUR TO POGO DANCE ON HOT COALS TO A LIVE PUNK ROCK BAND FOR A SOLID WEEK!!!

AW NO! PLEASE! ANYTHING BUT LIVE MUSIC!

-IF YOU CUT THE WIMPERIN' WE'LL KNOCK OFF A DAY FOR GOOD BEHAVIOR — IF YOU COME UP WITH SOME HOT MOVES!!

HMM... TH' PRODUCERS AND RECORD COMPANY EXECS SEEM TO BE LOSING WEIGHT — FEED 'EM SOME MORE BULL-BLEEP!

WHAM WHAM WHAM

WHACK

THANX AND A WHACK OF TH' GAVEL TO: KIM DELILLO, TH' ROTTEN APPLE, N.Y.

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THE FABULOUS FURRY FREAK BROTHERS in THE 4th FREAK BROTHER!

BY GILBERT SHELTON & PAUL MAVRIDES

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SGT MARK E. RAINEY

SOMEONE'S STILL HERE!
HE PASSED OUT IN THE CORNER!
WHO IS IT?
ZNORK

I DUNNO... HE LOOKS SORT OF FAMILIAR, THOUGH...
OH, THAT GUY! HE'S BEEN AROUND EVER SINCE I CAN REMEMBER! HE MUST BE OKAY!
PHNZRCK HUMUK.

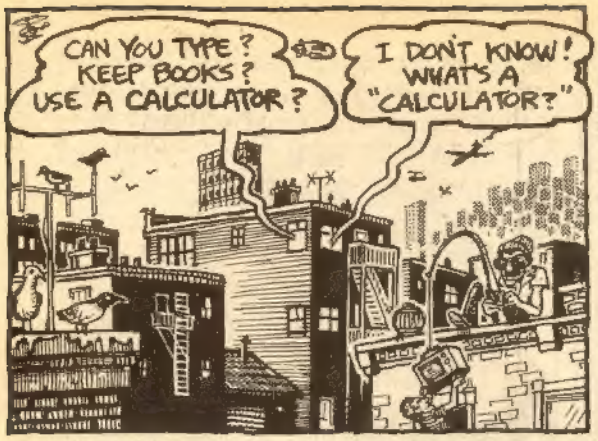
HUNH? WHANH? WHERE AM I?
WHO AM I ??
NEVER MIND! JUST HAVE A HIT OF THIS!

I STILL DON'T REMEMBER WHO I AM, BUT NOW IT DOESN'T SEEM TO MATTER!
THAT'S ALL RIGHT! YOU CAN HANG OUT HERE UNTIL YOU GET YOUR HEAD TOGETHER! THE FABULOUS FURRY FREAK BROTHERS ARE ALWAYS READY TO LEND A HAND TO A FELLOW OUTCAST FROM SOCIETY!

YOU GUYS ARE THE FABULOUS FURRY FREAK BROTHERS? I... I THINK I'VE HEARD OF YOU! YOU GUYS ARE FAMOUS!
I'VE NEVER EVEN TALKED TO A FAMOUS PERSON IN MY WHOLE LIFE, AND SUDDENLY HERE I FIND MYSELF LIVING WITH THREE OF THEM!
I FEEL SO PROUD!

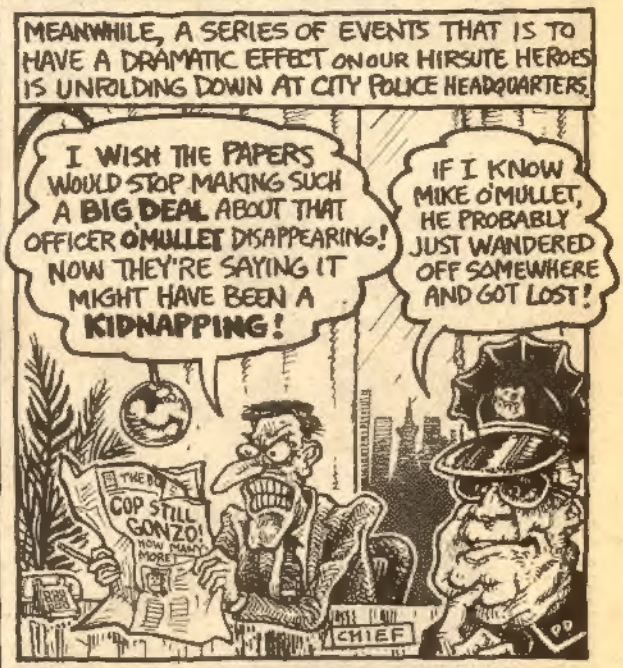
WELL, WE COULD USE ANOTHER GOOD MAN AROUND HERE! CAN YOU COOK?
ER, UH... SOMEONE ELSE HAS ALWAYS DONE THE COOKING FOR ME, I GUESS! I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT IT!

CAN YOU FIX CARS? THE FRAMMITZ IS ZILCHED OUT ON OUR VAN!
NO, I'VE NEVER WORKED ON A CAR, AS FAR AS I CAN REMEMBER!


CAN YOU TYPE? KEEP BOOKS? USE A CALCULATOR?
I DON'T KNOW! WHAT'S A "CALCULATOR?"

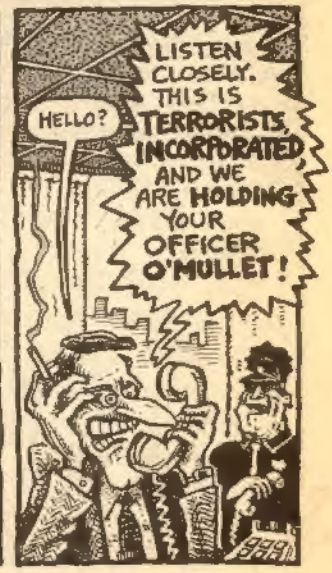
ANYWAY, I THINK WE SHOULD TAKE HIM ALONG ON THE BIG DOPE RUN TODAY! HE MUST BE GOOD FOR SOMETHING!

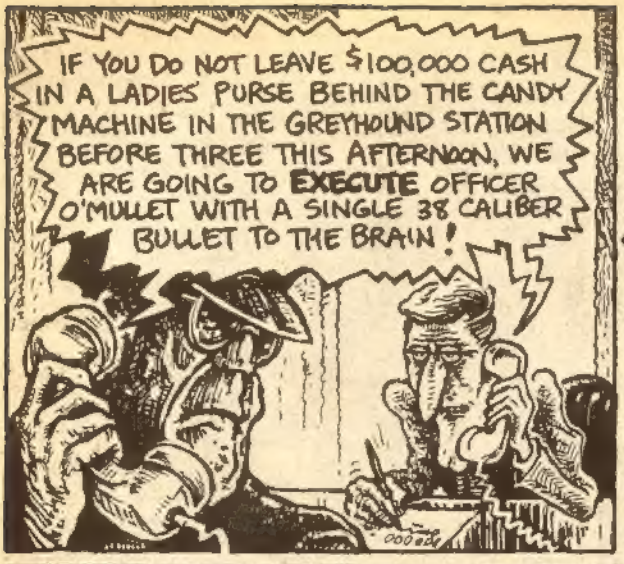
COME ON, ACE, WE GOT FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS OF BOLIVIAN BOO COMING IN ON THE GREYHOUND THIS AFTERNOON! WE COULD USE SOME TECHNICAL ASSISTANCE!
SURE, FELLOWS! GLAD TO BE OF HELP IN ANY WAY I CAN!
SPRING


MEANWHILE, A SERIES OF EVENTS THAT IS TO HAVE A DRAMATIC EFFECT ON OUR HIRSUTE HEROES IS UNFOLDING DOWN AT CITY POLICE HEADQUARTERS.
I WISH THE PAPERS WOULD STOP MAKING SUCH A BIG DEAL ABOUT THAT OFFICER O'MULLET DISAPPEARING! NOW THEY'RE SAYING IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN A KIDNAPPING!
IF I KNOW MIKE O'MULLET, HE PROBABLY JUST WANDERED OFF SOMEWHERE AND GOT LOST!
COP STILL GONZO!
CHIEF

I DON'T THINK O'MULLET WOULD LET ANYONE KIDNAP HIM! SOMETIMES I THINK MAYBE HE LEFT PART OF HIS BRAIN OVER THERE IN VIETNAM, BUT HE'S A GOOD COP! HE WOULDN'T HAVE GOT HIMSELF KIDNAPPED!
THE NEWSPAPER IS GIVING THIS DEPARTMENT A REPUTATION AS AN EASY MARK! CON MEN AND SHAKEDOWN ARTISTS FROM ALL OVER THE COUNTRY WILL BE FLOCKING HERE JUST TO SEE WHAT THEY CAN PULL!
SWAP

RING!

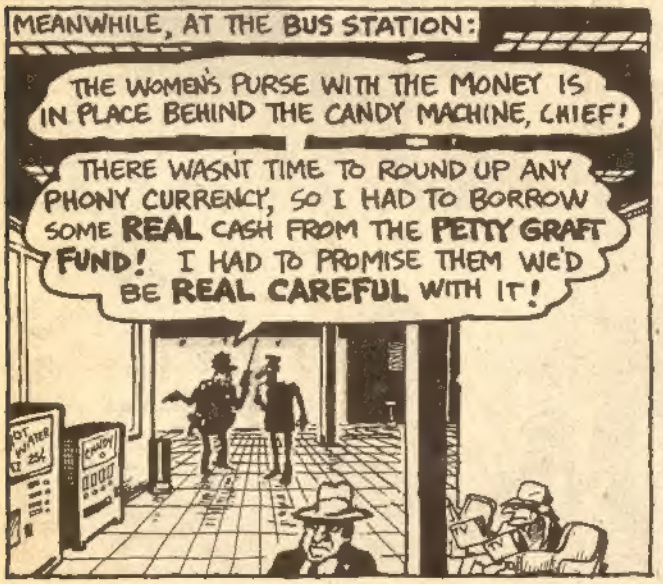

HELLO?
LISTEN CLOSELY. THIS IS TERRORISTS, INCORPORATED, AND WE ARE HOLDING YOUR OFFICER O'MULLET!


IF YOU DO NOT LEAVE $100,000 CASH IN A LADIES' PURSE BEHIND THE CANDY MACHINE IN THE GREYHOUND STATION BEFORE THREE THIS AFTERNOON, WE ARE GOING TO EXECUTE OFFICER O'MULLET WITH A SINGLE 38 CALIBER BULLET TO THE BRAIN!

...AFTER, OF COURSE, WE FORCE HIM TO PERFORM UNNATURAL SEX ACTS WITH A FOUR HUNDRED POUND YORKSHIRE SOW! HA HA HA!
SNAP

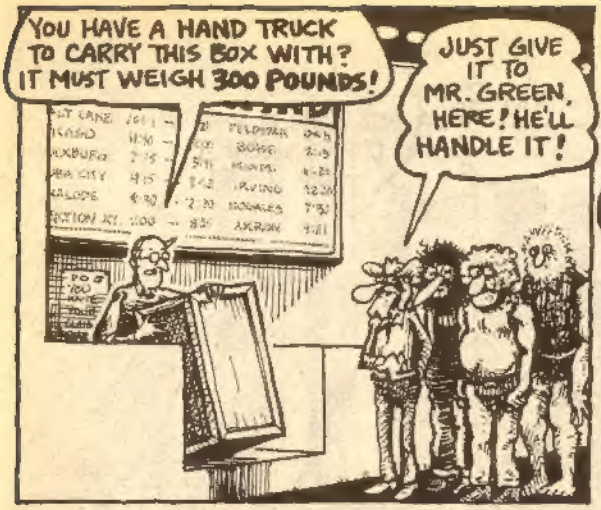
... AND ALSO AFTER WE GIVE HIM A JALAPEÑO AND LSD ENEMA! HEE HEE HEE!
...AND ALSO AFTER WE MAKE HIM EAT POODLE CA-CA! GIGGLE GIGGLE!

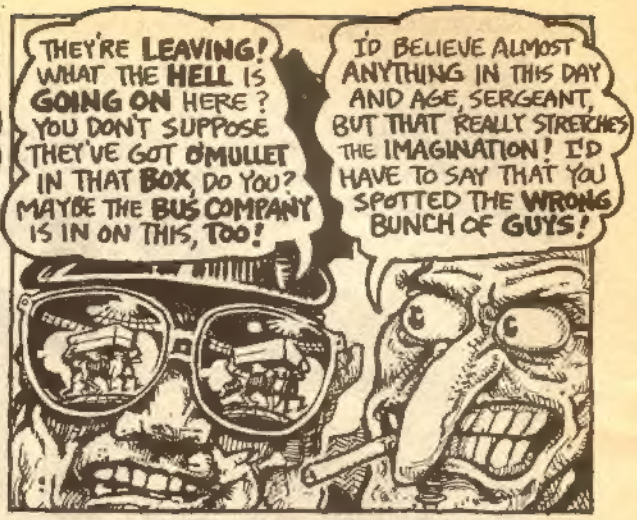
DO YOU THINK THEY BELIEVED US?
NAW! YOU LAID IT ON WAY TOO HEAVY! DON'T YOU GUYS HAVE ANY SENSE OF SUBTLETY OR UNDERSTATEMENT?
NOW WHAT CAN WE DO FOR ENTERTAINMENT? HEY, "FUCKFACE AND THE MICROCEPHALICS" ARE PLAYING OVER AT THE ASSHOLE INN! DO YOU THINK YOU CAN GET YOUR MOM TO DRIVE US OVER? IT'S IN THE PLEASANT VALLEY SHOPPING CENTER!
ROACHES
CLIC


MEANWHILE, AT THE BUS STATION:
THE WOMEN'S PURSE WITH THE MONEY IS IN PLACE BEHIND THE CANDY MACHINE, CHIEF!
THERE WASN'T TIME TO ROUND UP ANY PHONY CURRENCY, SO I HAD TO BORROW SOME REAL CASH FROM THE PETTY GRAFT FUND! I HAD TO PROMISE THEM WE'D BE REAL CAREFUL WITH IT!

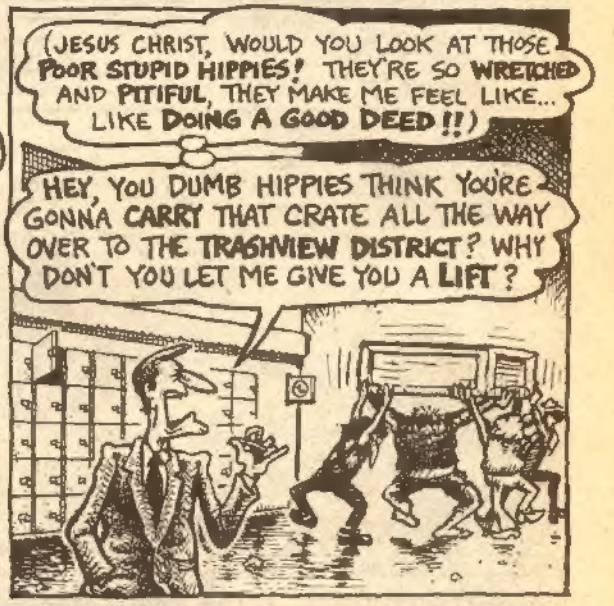
AND NEARBY, REFLEXES ARE BEING HONED AND TUNED IN PREPARATION FOR THE SOON-TO-ARRIVE DISGUISED SHIPMENT OF WEED.
WE'LL NEED TO BE ALERT! WE GOTTA SCAN THE PLACE FOR STAKEOUTS!
HOWEVER, WE MUST BE COOL AND STRAIGHT-LOOKING ENOUGH TO AVERT SUSPICION WHEN PICKING UP OUR SHIPMENT OF "COSMETICS!"
CHOP CHOP

...NOT TO MENTION BEING ON TOP OF IT ENOUGH TO HANDLE A HUNDRED-MILE-AN-HOUR CHASE SCENE, SHOULD WORSE COME TO WORSE!
HERE YOU GO, ACE, HAVE A LITTLE SNORT OF THIS, TOO!
WHAT IS THIS STUFF?
IT'S OUR SPECIAL "CRISIS CRANK!" HALF COCAINE, HALF QUAALUDES!
SNORT!
SO, INTO THE STATION COME THE FABULOUS FOUR.
BELCH
THOSE ARE THE ONES, CHIEF! MY UNERRING SENSE OF CRIMINALITY TELLS ME SO!
CANDY? NAH...
... BUT THEY'RE WALKING RIGHT PAST THE CANDY MACHINE! THEY'RE COMPLETELY IGNORING THE "DROP!"
THEY'RE EITHER SCOUTING THE PLACE OR IT'S A DIVERSIONARY TACTIC! THEY CAME HERE FOR THAT MONEY! I KNOW!
KEEP DOWN, SERGEANT! WE'LL HAVE TO WAIT THEM OUT!
TV
GOT A SHIPMENT FOR "MR. GREEN" HERE TODAY?
JUST A MINUTE! I'LL LOOK!
FAS AS A DOG
HERE IT IS! NOW, WHICH ONE OF YOU IS "MR. GREEN?"
HE IS!
HE IS!
HE IS!
I AM?


YOU HAVE A HAND TRUCK TO CARRY THIS BOX WITH? IT MUST WEIGH 300 POUNDS!
JUST GIVE IT TO MR. GREEN, HERE! HE'LL HANDLE IT!


THEY'RE LEAVING! WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON HERE? YOU DON'T SUPPOSE THEY'VE GOT O'MULLET IN THAT BOX, DO YOU? MAYBE THE BUS COMPANY IS IN ON THIS, TOO!
I'D BELIEVE ALMOST ANYTHING IN THIS DAY AND AGE, SERGEANT, BUT THAT REALLY STRETCHES THE IMAGINATION! I'D HAVE TO SAY THAT YOU SPOTTED THE WRONG BUNCH OF GUYS!

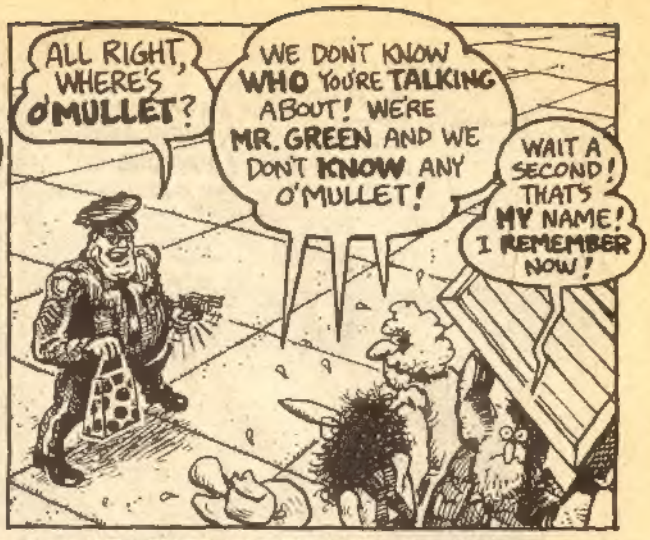
CHIEF, I KNOW I'M RIGHT! I CAN FEEL IT IN MY FEET!
DAMMIT, SERGEANT, I'M SURE YOU'VE BLOWN OUR COVER BY NOW WITH ALL YOUR SHOUTING! LET'S JUST PICK UP OUR MONEY AND GET ON BACK TO HEADQUARTERS!


(JESUS CHRIST, WOULD YOU LOOK AT THOSE POOR STUPID HIPPIES! THEY'RE SO WRETCHED AND PITIFUL, THEY MAKE ME FEEL LIKE... LIKE DOING A GOOD DEED!!)
HEY, YOU DUMB HIPPIES THINK YOU'RE GONNA CARRY THAT CRATE ALL THE WAY OVER TO THE TRASHVIEW DISTRICT? WHY DON'T YOU LET ME GIVE YOU A LIFT?

COME ON! HOP IN!
(UH-OH, IT'S AN UNMARKED POLICE CAR! WE'RE CUT OFF FROM ESCAPE, AND THIS DAMN COP IS TAUNTING US!)

HI! I'M SERGEANT O'RILLY OF THE CITY POLICE! SAY, DIDN'T YOU FELLOWS FORGET SOMETHING? YOUR PURSE, MAYBE? WHAT'S IN THE BOX? COSMETICS? I DON'T BELIEVE IT! MEN LIKE YOURSELVES IN THE COSMETICS BUSINESS?

WE MEMBERS OF THE "INFINITE FEDERATION OF ETERNAL LOVE" ARE USED TO SUCH INSULTS FROM THE LIKES OF YOU! WE CAN TAKE IT, STANDING TOGETHER AS COMRADES!

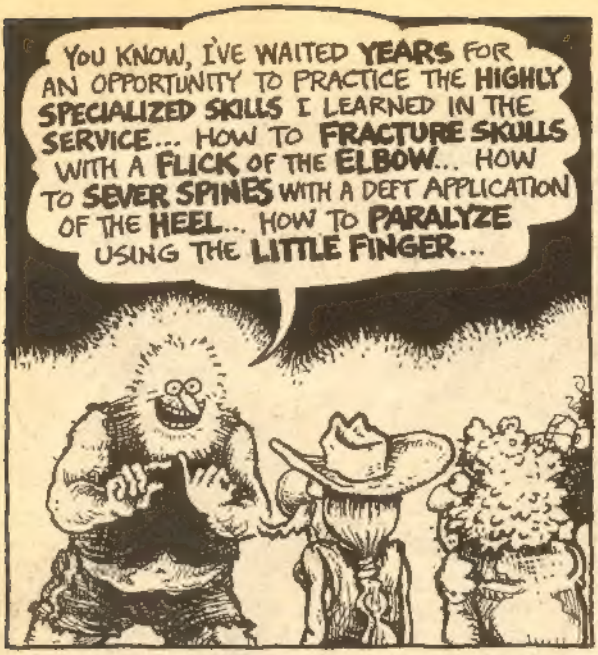

ALL RIGHT, WHERE'S O'MULLET?
WE DON'T KNOW WHO YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT! WE'RE MR. GREEN AND WE DON'T KNOW ANY O'MULLET!
WAIT A SECOND! THAT'S MY NAME! I REMEMBER NOW!

O'MULLET? IS THAT REALLY YOU?
GOOD LORD, SERGEANT, YOU WERE RIGHT AFTER ALL!
YEAHHHH! I REMEMBER YOU, CHIEF! AND YOU, SERGEANT!

WELL, I GUESS WE'VE SAVED YOU, O'MULLET!
WE'VE TOTALLY WASTED THREE WEEKS AND THREE THOUSAND MAN-HOURS, BUT WE HAVE YOU BACK!
YEAH, CHIEF HORRIGAN! THAT SMART-ASS, SELF-RIGHTEOUS, SARCASTIC SON-OF-A-BITCH, CHIEF HORRIGAN! I REMEMBER YOU, ALL RIGHT!

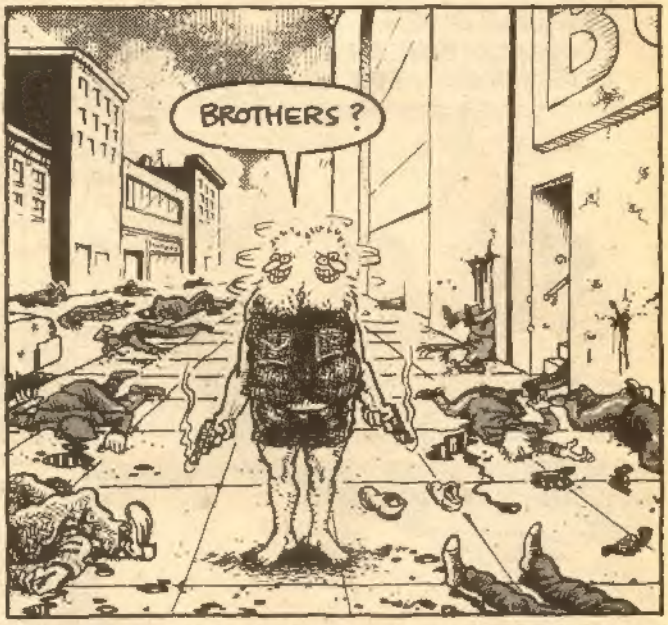
CRUNCH!

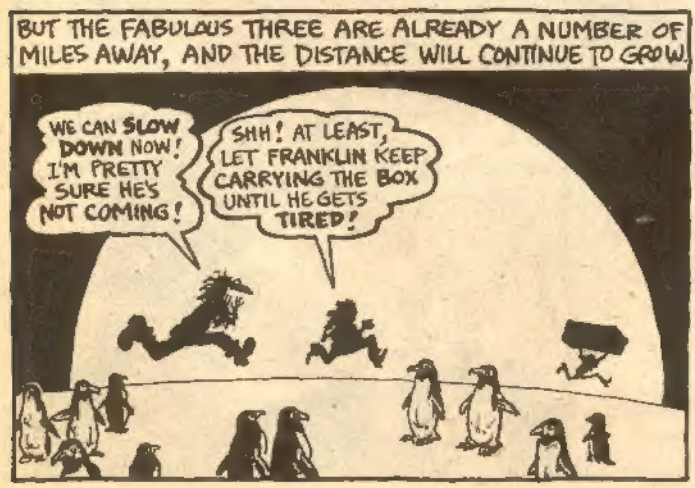
...AND YOU TOO, SERGEANT O'RILLY, YOU BIGOTED, B-B BRAINED BULLY! YESSSSSSS, NOW I RECALL!
THWOCK


YOU KNOW, I'VE WAITED YEARS FOR AN OPPORTUNITY TO PRACTICE THE HIGHLY SPECIALIZED SKILLS I LEARNED IN THE SERVICE... HOW TO FRACTURE SKULLS WITH A FLICK OF THE ELBOW... HOW TO SEVER SPINES WITH A DEFT APPLICATION OF THE HEEL... HOW TO PARALYZE USING THE LITTLE FINGER...

... AND I'M EVEN BETTER WHEN I'M ARMED! I CAN SHOOT THE LEGS OFF FLIES AT A HUNDRED YARDS, SO THE SPACE BETWEEN YOUR AVERAGE COPS EYES, ALTHOUGH QUITE NARROW, IS LIKE A BARN DOOR TO ME!

IN A FEW SHORT SECONDS, O'MULLET THE MAD KILLER COP HAS WIPED OUT THE CREAM OF THE CITY POLICE DEPARTMENT.
THAT'S SHOWIN' 'EM, HUH, BROTHERS? RIGHT ON, HUH?


BROTHERS?


BUT THE FABULOUS THREE ARE ALREADY A NUMBER OF MILES AWAY, AND THE DISTANCE WILL CONTINUE TO GROW.
WE CAN SLOW DOWN NOW! I'M PRETTY SURE HE'S NOT COMING!
SHH! AT LEAST, LET FRANKLIN KEEP CARRYING THE BOX UNTIL HE GETS TIRED!

AND SINCE NO WITNESSES WERE TO BE FOUND, OFFICER O'MULLET WAS NOT ONLY PROCLAIMED A HERO, BUT HE GOT TO KEEP THE PURSE FULL OF MONEY, WHICH CURED HIM FOREVER OF BEING A HIPPIE.
SITE OF HEROIC POLICE SHOOTOUT 1976
IT WAS INSTRUMENTAL, HOWEVER, IN HIS LATER BECOMING A TRANSVESTITE.

THE END

NOO YAWKAHS

Griffith Observatory

NEW YORKERS JUDGE EVERYTHING AS IT MEASURES UP TO NEW YORK.. AND WHEN THINGS OUT IN THE "STICKS" FAIL TO PASS MUSTER, THEY ARE APT TO POINT IT OUT RATHER RAPIDLY—

YOU CALL THIS A KNISH? IT TASTED LIKE A MARINATED SPONGE, F'CHRISSAKE!!

WHA'D'WE DO AFTER THIS, GO WATCH THE TREES GROW? I'M DYIN' AWREADY FROM PEACE AN' QUIET!!

THE AIR HERE GIVES ME A HEADACHE!! IT'S TOO CLEAN OR SOMETHING!!!

WHAT IS THIS?? A HIPPY JOINT?

..IF YOU GET LAID BACK IN NOO YAWK, THEY RUN YOU OVER!!

UM

©1978 BILL ("KID BROOKLYN") GRIFFITH

ON THEIR HOME TURF NEW YORKERS WILL PERVERSELY DEFEND ALL THE WORST ASPECTS OF LIFE IN THE BIG APPLE—

UXF

GNRF

KNOW WHAT I MEAN?

I FIGYUH I MIGHT AS WELL SMOKE TWO PACKS A DAY" IT'S TH' SAME IF I DON'T, ANYWAY!!

HAR HAR!!

THEN, THERE ARE THE CULTURE VUTURES WHO REQUIRE DAILY FIXES OF "AHT" AND "BYOOTEH"—

OH, JEEZ!! IF THIS LINE DOESN'T PICK UP, I'LL MISS TH' GLOBBOVIAN FILM FESTIVAL DOWN IN TH' WEST VILLAGE!!

SEMI-NOMADIC POTTERY OF THE 4TH CENTURY HUNS

GASP!

OOH!

HMM

VOICE

PARANOIA IS SUCH A WAY OF LIFE IN NEW YORK, IT ENGENDERS A KIND OF EXHILARATION: THE THRILL OF NOT BEING KILLED—

I MADE IT!! I WALKED SIX BLOCKS FROM MURRAY'S HOUSE TO HERE WITHOUT GETTING MUGGED, RAPED, KNIFED, OR EVEN PANHANDLED!!

MAKES YA FEEL GREAT TO BE ALIVE, DON'T IT??

AND FEW ARE TO BE MORE PITIED THAN THE TRANSPLANTED NEW YORKER.. ADRIFT IN AN ETERNAL LIMBO BETWEEN AFFECTION FOR AND TERROR OF THE GREATEST LITTLE BURG.. OR IS IT THE MOST LOATHSOME HELL-HOLE.. IN THE WHOLE, WIDE WORLD!!

IT'S FOUR IN THE MORNING AND ALL I WANT IS A CHOPPED CHICKEN LIVER ON RYE AND AN ICE-COLD BOTTLE OF YOO-HOO!!

- THIS ISN'T NEW YORK, MARVIN--

YEH.. I KNOW..

Griffith Observatory

THE REDNECKS

I TELL YA, GEORGE, I FEEL A HELLUVA LOT SAFER KNOWIN' THEM DAMN SNAKES AN' DEER CAINT SNEAK UP ON US AT NIGHT!!

YUP.. THAT "SUPERSHINER" 10,000 WATT ARC LAMP LIGHTS UP TH' HOUSE ALRIGHT! AN' ANY CRITTERS WE DO SEE, WE CAN BLAST WITH BUCK-SHOT LIKE IT WAS DAY!!

NOTE: ONE RED-NECK FAMILY USUALLY OWNS BETWEEN THREE AND TEN GAS GUZZLERS

CRITTER

?

THE NEW BREED OF REDNECKS (MOST RURAL AMERICANS FALL INTO THIS CATEGORY) LIVE IN AN ADVERSARY RELATIONSHIP WITH THE LAND.. THE "COUNTRY" IS SOMETHING TO BE SUBDUED, CONTROLLED AND USED —

©1978 BILL GRIFFITH

NERVOUS CONDITION AFFLICTING MOST REDNECKS IS "EXTREME VEHICULAR INSTABILITY" .. THEY JUST DON'T FEEL RIGHT UNLESS THEY ARE TRAVELLING ABOVE 50 M.P.H.

LITTLE LADY? THIS IS ROADRUNNER! WHAT'S FOR SUPPER? WEIMERS?? SHEEIT!! I AIN'T COMIN' HOME T'NITE!! ME AN' ROY IS GONNA CRUISE TH' STRIP. YEH, I'LL PICK UP A CASE O' COKE!!

Cowburgers 1 mi. ahead

THANKS & A LOCK OF THE GRIFFY HAIRDO TO R. CRUMB OF WINTERS, CAL. FOR THIS ONE "

..PUT A T.V. IN M' R.V. ..I'M VIEWIN' "POLICE STORY" LATER..

YOU EATIN' YOUR PIE, MERLE?

BURP.

PIGGING OUT IS A FAVORITE PASTIME.. ENTIRE FAMILIES OF ROTUND REDNECKS GATHER NIGHTLY AT CHOLESTEROL CENTERS LIKE "MR. HAPPY STEAK" OR "HERFY'S"..

THE REDNECK LIFESTYLE IS RICH AND VARIED.. IT RUNS THE GAMUT ALL THE WAY FROM "SNOOPY TOWELS" TO RIFLE RACKS.. FROM NAUGAHYDE FURNITURE TO CIRHOSSIS OF THE LIVER..

Relish

R.V. PARK & CAMPER CENTER

THIS COULD BE YOUR HOME

YARD SALE

SQUAD

ZOT

MEETS DOCTOR KRUL!

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BLINK

SUDDENLY A CRAFT APPEARS NEAR EARTH. IT IS GALACTIC RESCUE UNIT ONE RETURNING TO MOM SQUAD'S HOME BASE.

THERE SHE IS– RIGHT ON TARGET!

WHAT A HEAVENLY SIGHT!

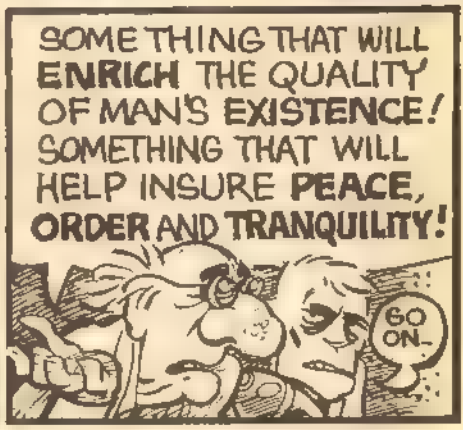
YOU SAID IT! EVERYTHING IS OPERATING AT FULL FUNCTION FOR TOUCH DOWN. LET'S LET MOM KNOW WE ARE HOME AGAIN!

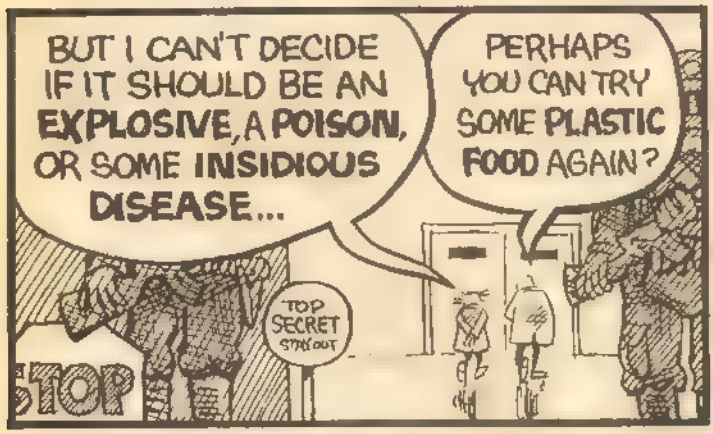
RESCUE UNIT ONE REPORTING! HELLO MOM! HELLO MOM! CAN YOU READ US?

SOME THING'S WRONG! WE ARENT GETTING ANY ANSWER!
? KEEP TRYING! THERE WILL ALWAYS BE A MOTHER NATURE!

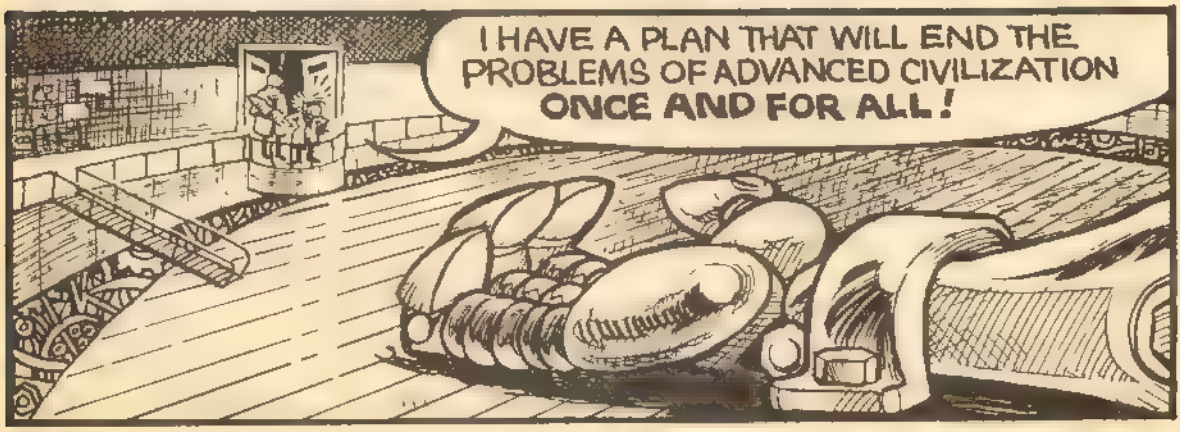
NOT IF SOME PEOPLE CAN HELP IT!
COME BORIS..
THE FUTURE AWAITS!
LAB

WHAT WILL IT BE TODAY, DOCTOR KRUL?
OH, I WAS THINKING OF SOMETHING, WELL, HUMANITARIAN!

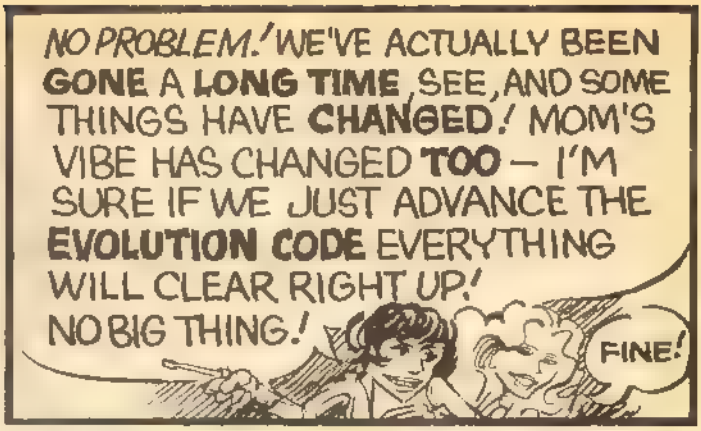

SOME THING THAT WILL ENRICH THE QUALITY OF MAN'S EXISTENCE! SOMETHING THAT WILL HELP INSURE PEACE, ORDER AND TRANQUILITY!
GO ON..

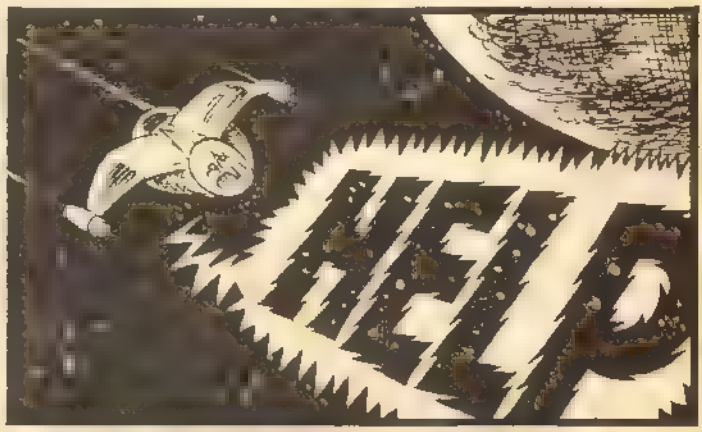

BUT I CAN'T DECIDE IF IT SHOULD BE AN EXPLOSIVE, A POISON, OR SOME INSIDIOUS DISEASE...
PERHAPS YOU CAN TRY SOME PLASTIC FOOD AGAIN?
TOP SECRET STAY OUT
TOP

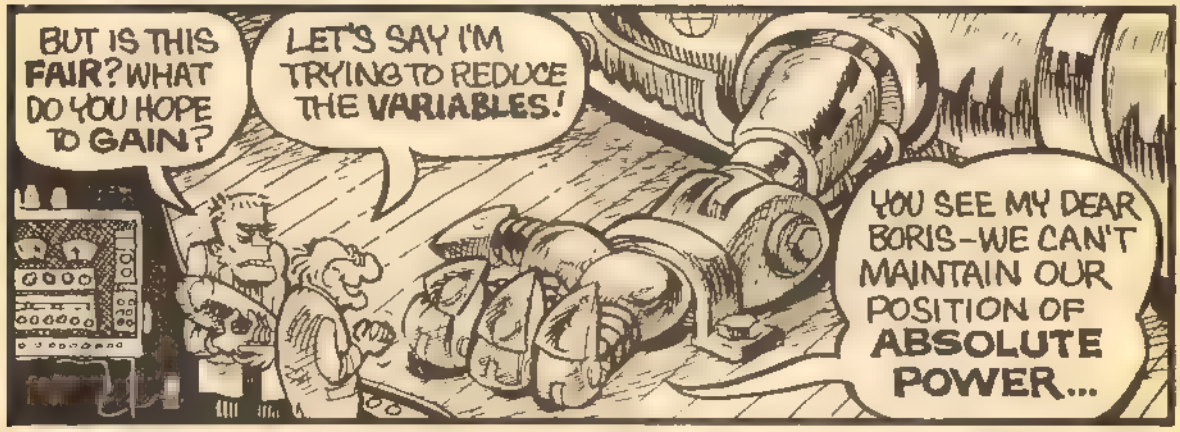
NO, I'M SICK OF THAT!
I HAVE MY SIGHTS ON BIGGER GAME!

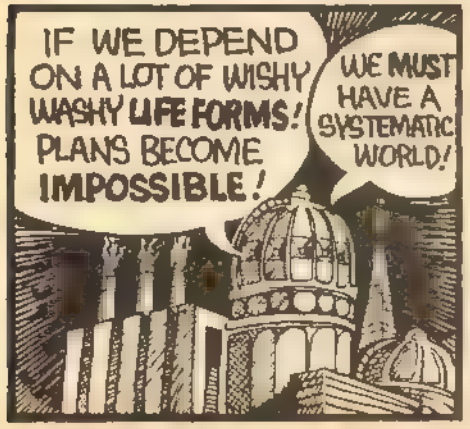

I HAVE A PLAN THAT WILL END THE PROBLEMS OF ADVANCED CIVILIZATION ONCE AND FOR ALL!

MEANWHILE, ON BOARD THE **MOM SQUAD** CRUISER









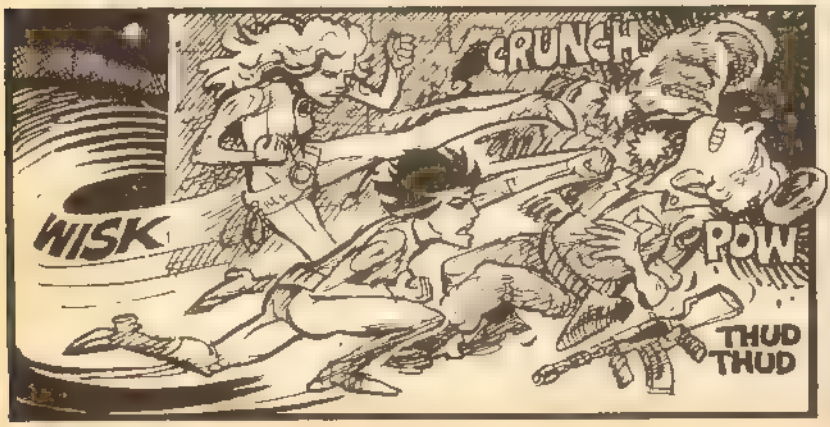
THIS IS AN EXCITING MOMENT IN HISTORY DOCTOR- WHEN DO WE BEGIN?
WE ARE ON STAND-BY NOW!

THIS IS WHERE HER LAST CRY CAME FROM...
BUT-SHE CERTAINLY ISN'T HERE BECAUSE

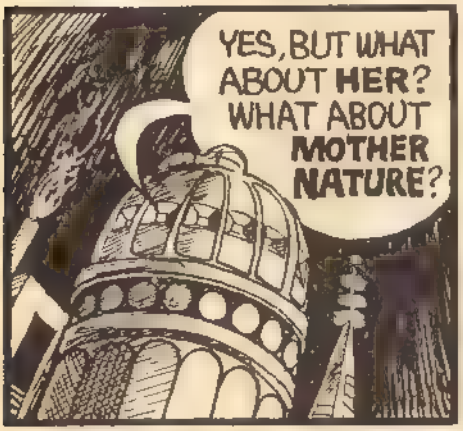
THERE IS NOTHING NATURAL HERE! I NEVER DREAMED WE COULD LAND IN SUCH A DESOLATE PLACE AND KNOW IT ONCE WAS OUR HOME!
STEADY THERE! FIRST THINGS FIRST-WE MUST FIND AND RESCUE MOTHER!
KEEP OU THIS MEAN YOU!

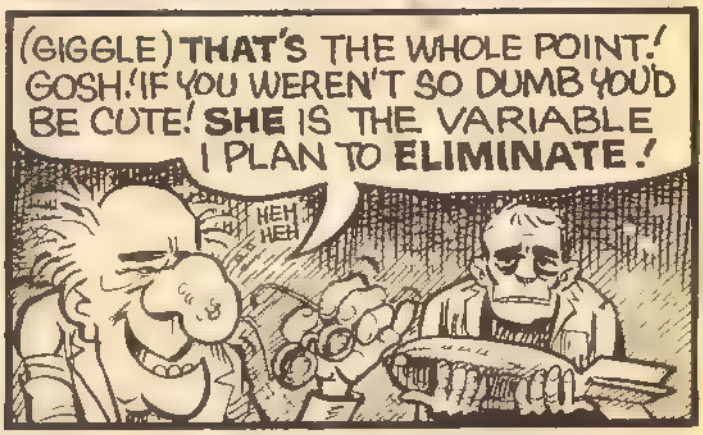
WE'LL JUST SLIP INSIDE AND TRY TO ANALYZE THE SITUATION.
O.K. BUT WHAT EVER WE DO-LET'S TRY TO AVOID TROUBLE!

HALT! WHO GOES THERE!


CRUNCH
WISK
POW
THUD THUD

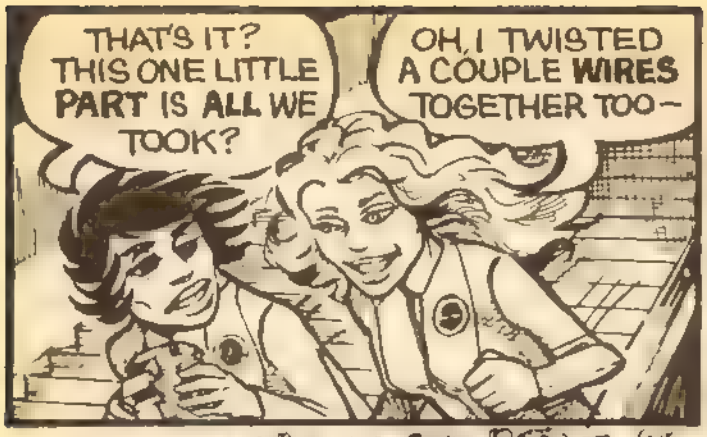
WELL-NO TROUBLE SO FAR-
CHECK

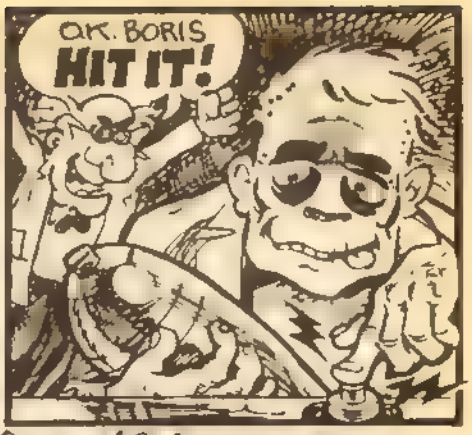




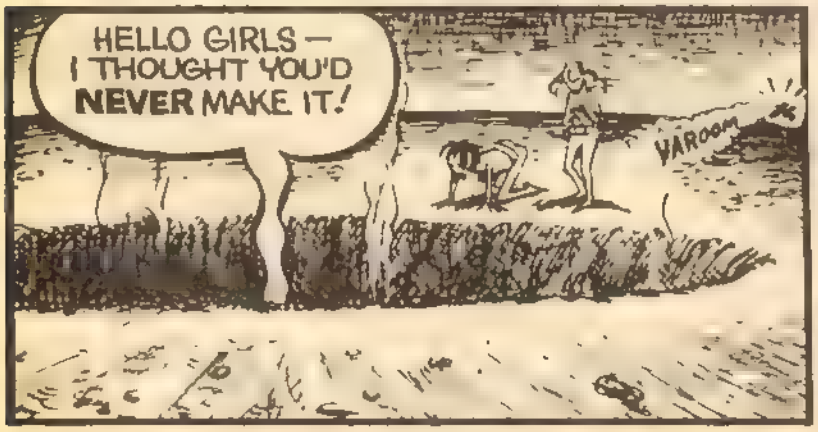
IT IS MY GRAND DESIGN TO CONTROL THE WORLD AND INSTITUTE ORDER! BUT FIRST– WE DESTROY NATURE!

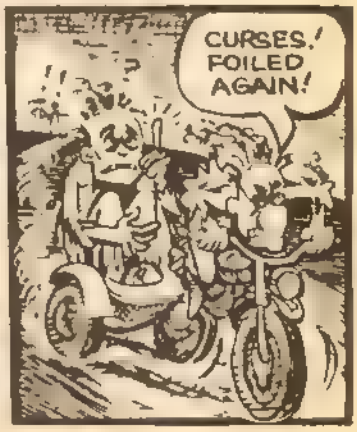
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!


THAT'S IT? THIS ONE LITTLE PART IS ALL WE TOOK?
OH, I TWISTED A COUPLE WIRES TOGETHER TOO—


OK. BORIS HIT IT!

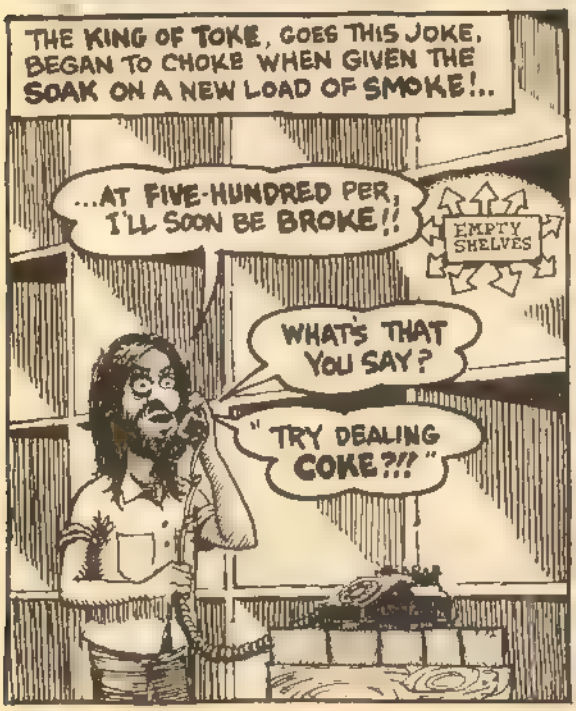
KERCHUNG

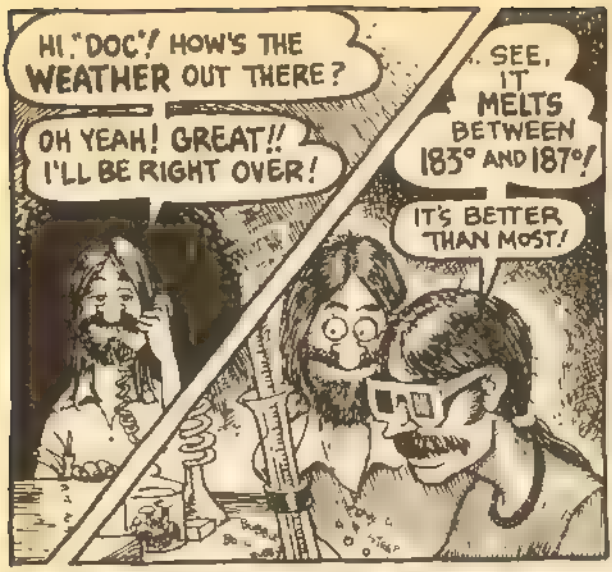

HELLO GIRLS — I THOUGHT YOU'D NEVER MAKE IT!
VAROOM


CURSES! FOILED AGAIN!

DEALER McDOPE DOES THE SNOWSHOVEL SHUFFLE

© DAVE SHERIDAN·'78

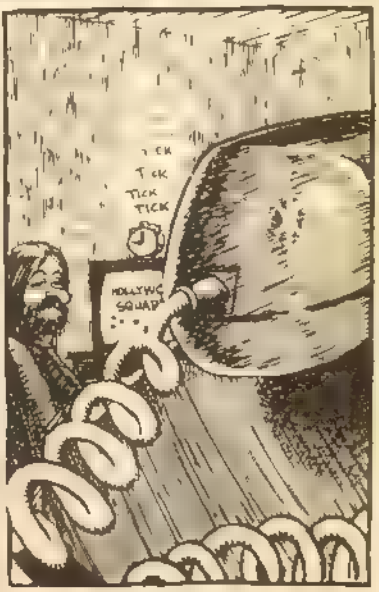



HI "DOC"! HOW'S THE WEATHER OUT THERE?
OH YEAH! GREAT!! I'LL BE RIGHT OVER!
SEE, IT MELTS BETWEEN 183° AND 187°!
IT'S BETTER THAN MOST!

I CAN GIVE IT TO YOU FOR NINETEEN-FIFTY!
SOUNDS GOOD! I'LL START WITH TWO OUNCES!

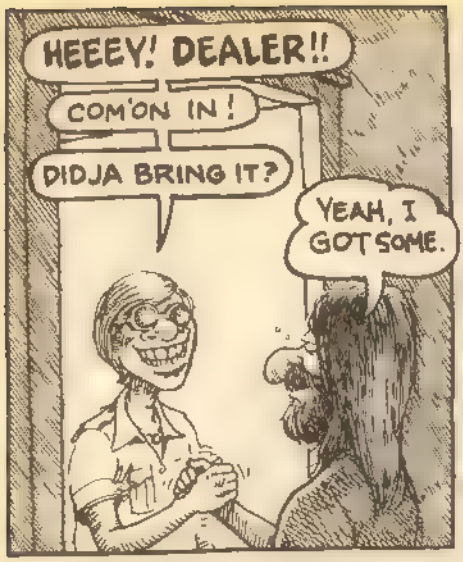
HI JACK, ANYBODY OVER THERE NEED ANY "VITAMIN C"?
GOOD! I'LL BE THERE IN TEN MINUTES!

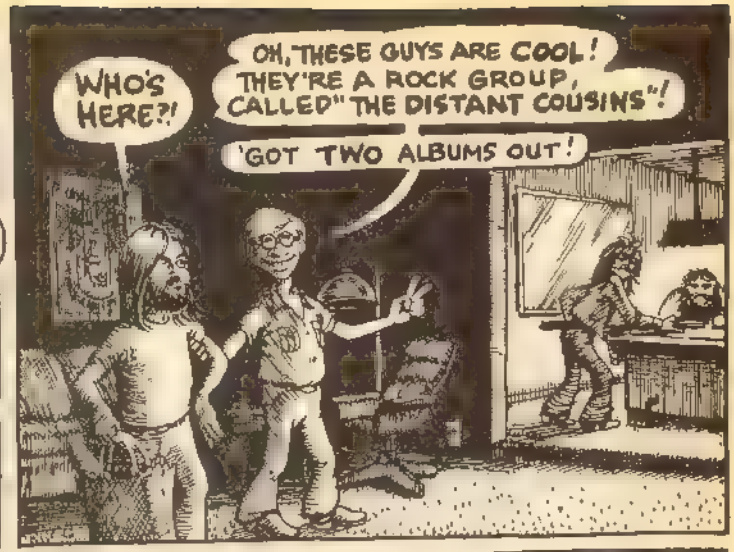
MMM... THANKS!
LEMME HAVE A SAMPLE AND I'LL GET RIGHT BACK TO YOU!!
SNORT


TICK TICK TICK TICK
HEALTHY SQUAD

RRINNGG...
RRINNGG

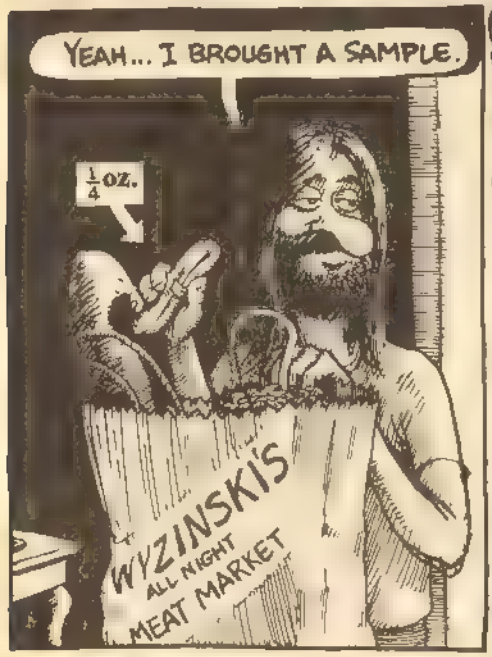
YEAH!
OH, HI, JACK.
WHAT?!
FOR SURE??
OK, I'LL BE THERE SHORTLY.
YEAH, BYE!


HEEEY! DEALER!!
COM'ON IN!
DIDJA BRING IT?
YEAH, I GOT SOME.


WHO'S HERE?!
OH, THESE GUYS ARE COOL! THEY'RE A ROCK GROUP, CALLED "THE DISTANT COUSINS"!
'GOT TWO ALBUMS OUT!

HEY, YOU GUYS, MEET DEALER McDOPE!
HI.
HOWDY.
GRUNT!
CHAIN-SAW BUTLER

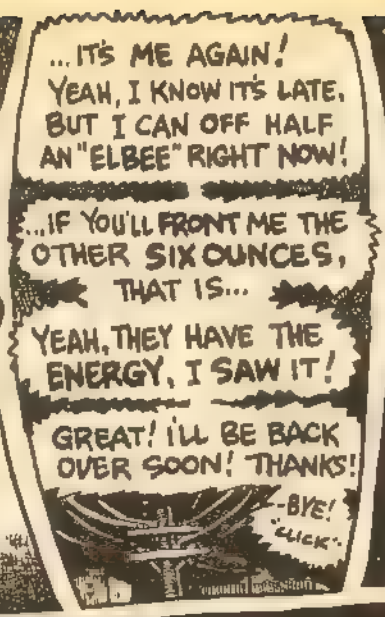
...AND THIS IS THE LEAD SINGER, FRANK LEE DeRAINGED!
DIDJA BRING THE SNORT?


YEAH... I BROUGHT A SAMPLE.
1/4 OZ.
WYZINSKI'S ALL NIGHT MEAT MARKET

SNORT
SNORT
TEST
CLOROX
SNIFF!
SNIFF!
ARGUE!
SNORT SNORT
RE-TEST
SNORT!
ARGUE ARGUE
SNEEZE!
SNORT!!

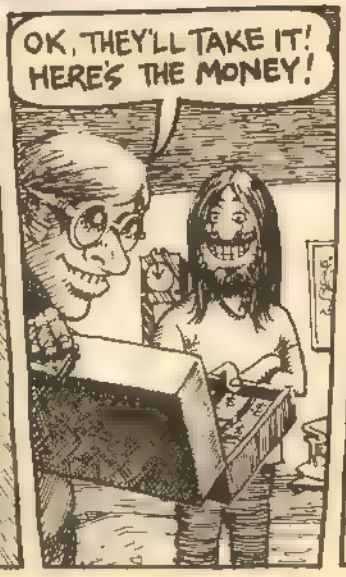
OK, WE'LL TAKE A HALF-POUND! CAN YOU SWING IT RIGHTAWAY?
NOW?
YEAH! WE GOT THE BREAD!

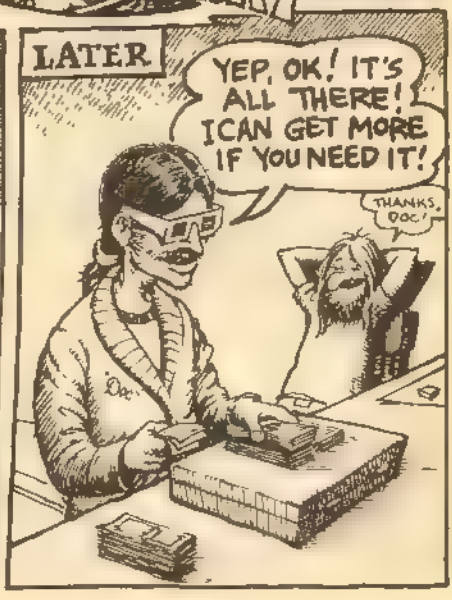
$1950. PER OZ. TO ME, ADD $200. EACH AS FEE, THAT MAKES IT $2150., EACH... TO THEE!
THAT'LL BE $17,200.00
O.K!
HI, "DOC"...


...IT'S ME AGAIN! YEAH, I KNOW IT'S LATE, BUT I CAN OFF HALF AN "ELBEE" RIGHT NOW!
...IF YOU'LL FRONT ME THE OTHER SIX OUNCES, THAT IS...
YEAH, THEY HAVE THE ENERGY, I SAW IT!
GREAT! I'LL BE BACK OVER SOON! THANKS!
-BYE! "CLICK".

SNORT
SNORT
SNORT
SNORT

THE DELIVERY
DR. IN
EAT
HAMBURGERS
SOFT DRINKS · HOT DOGS
KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK
LEAP
SPRINT
BOUND
SPROING
RRRT

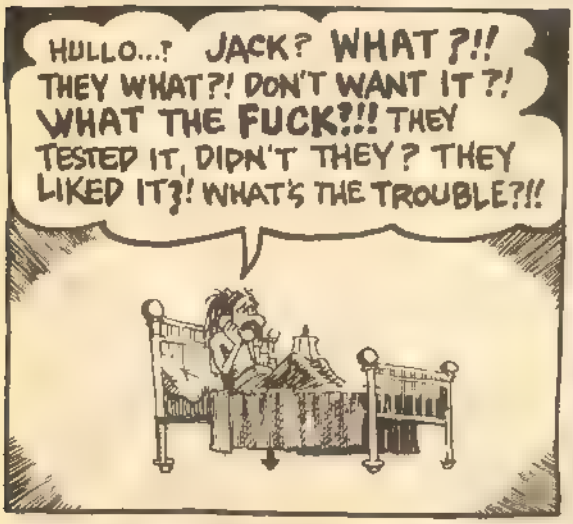

OK, THEY'LL TAKE IT! HERE'S THE MONEY!

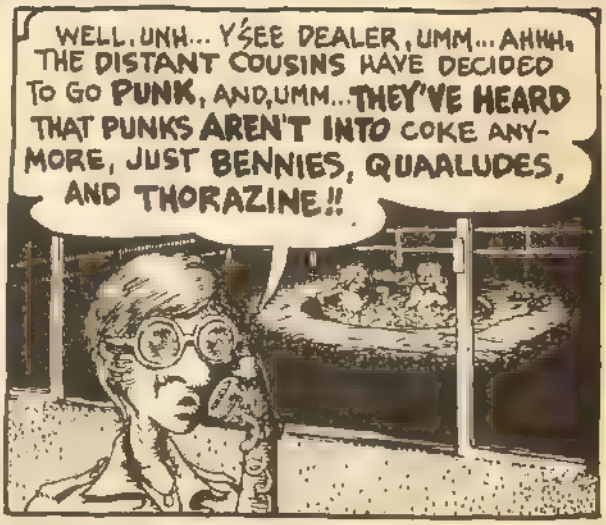

LATER
YEP, OK! IT'S ALL THERE! I CAN GET MORE IF YOU NEED IT!
THANKS, DOC!

WELL, THAT WASN'T TOO BAD...
YAWN!

$17200.00
-15600.00
+$1800.00
ZZZ

RING! RING!!

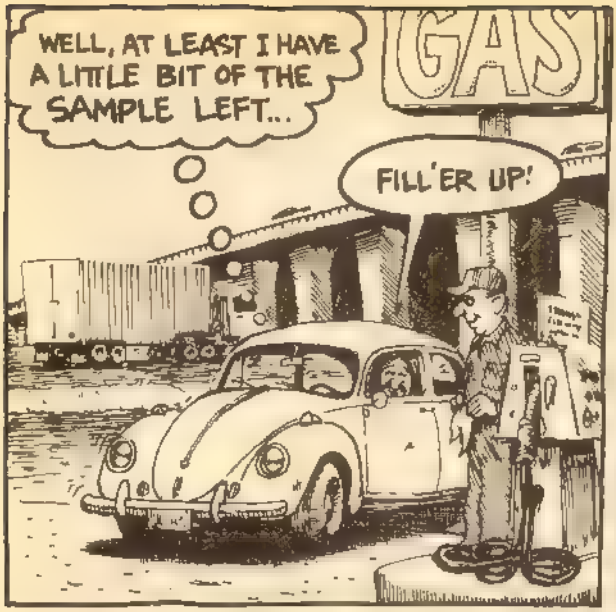

HULLO...? JACK? WHAT?!! THEY WHAT?! DON'T WANT IT?! WHAT THE FUCK?!! THEY TESTED IT, DIDN'T THEY? THEY LIKED IT?! WHAT'S THE TROUBLE?!!


WELL, UNH... Y'SEE DEALER, UMM... AHHH, THE DISTANT COUSINS HAVE DECIDED TO GO PUNK, AND, UMM... THEY'VE HEARD THAT PUNKS AREN'T INTO COKE ANYMORE, JUST BENNIES, QUAALUDES, AND THORAZINE!!

ONE QUICK PHONECALL LATER...
WHAT?! OHHH SHIT!
YEAH, I'LL TAKE IT BACK... IF IT'S THE SAME STUFF!
LATE SHOW THEATRE

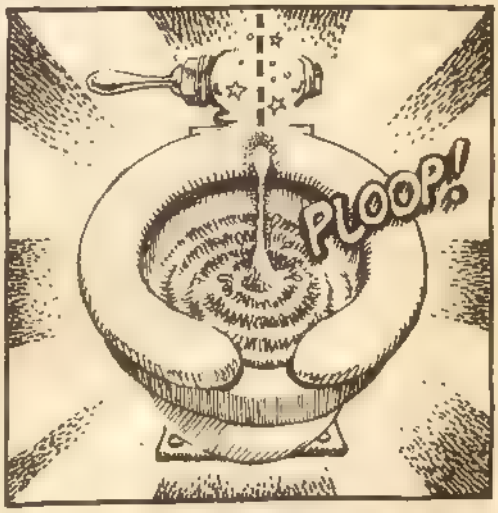
GULP!

THE FOLLOWING HOURS...
HONK! HONK
NO LEF TU
YEAH, IT'S THE SAME!!
LUCKY YOU!
WHEW!
PUFF PUFF GA!# PUFF
HEY MAN, WE'RE SORRY!
'GOT A CIGARETTE?
HERE'S YOUR MONEY BACK!
BUY A CARTON!!
SHIT! MINUS $150. @#!★SONOFABITCH!

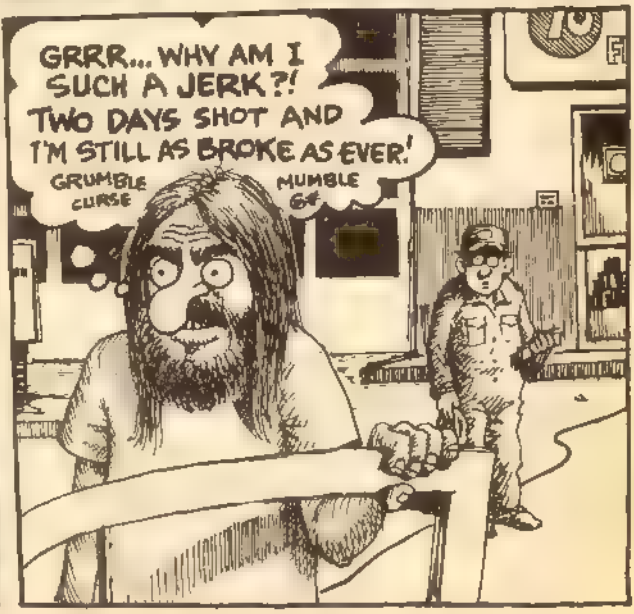

WELL, AT LEAST I HAVE A LITTLE BIT OF THE SAMPLE LEFT...
GAS
FILL'ER UP!

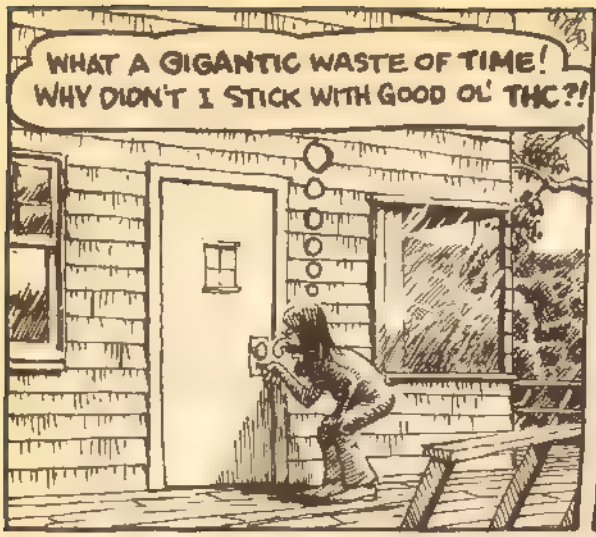
MEN
WOMEN
♫

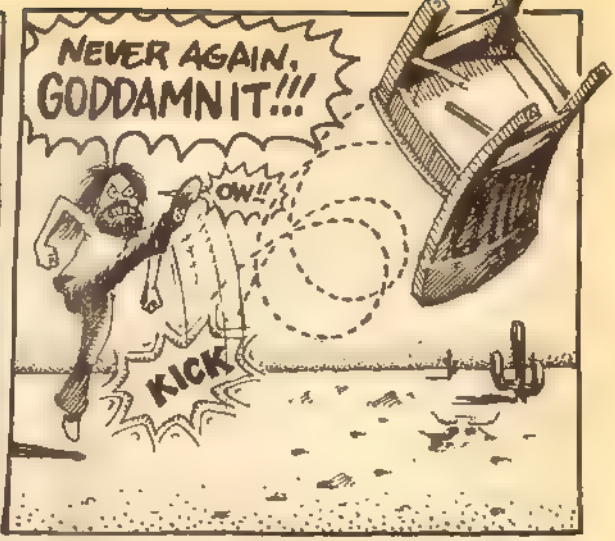
!
FLIP

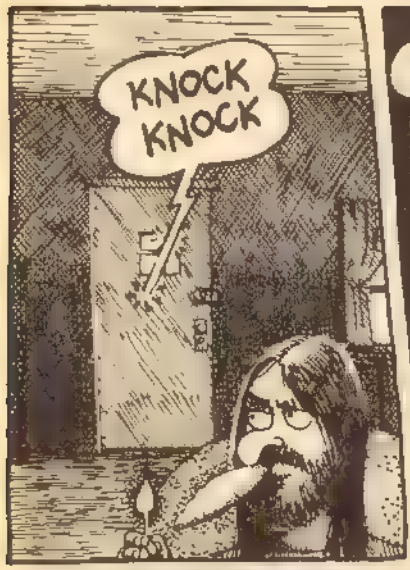

PLOOP!

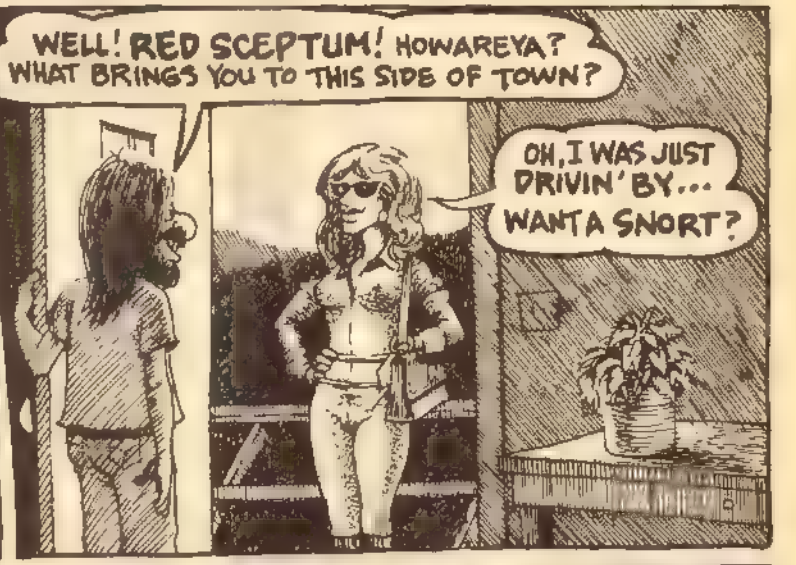
ARRGGH!

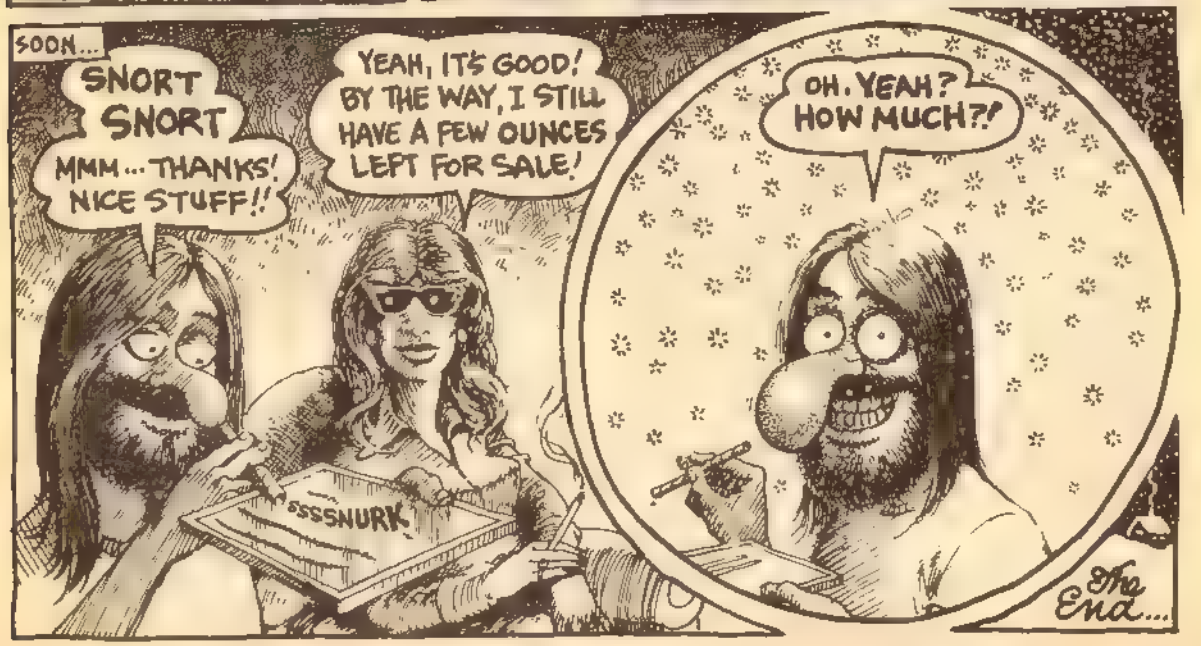

GRRR... WHY AM I SUCH A JERK?! TWO DAYS SHOT AND I'M STILL AS BROKE AS EVER!
GRUMBLE CURSE
MUMBLE 6¢


WHAT A GIGANTIC WASTE OF TIME! WHY DIDN'T I STICK WITH GOOD OL' THC?!


NEVER AGAIN, GODDAMN IT!!!
OW!!
KICK

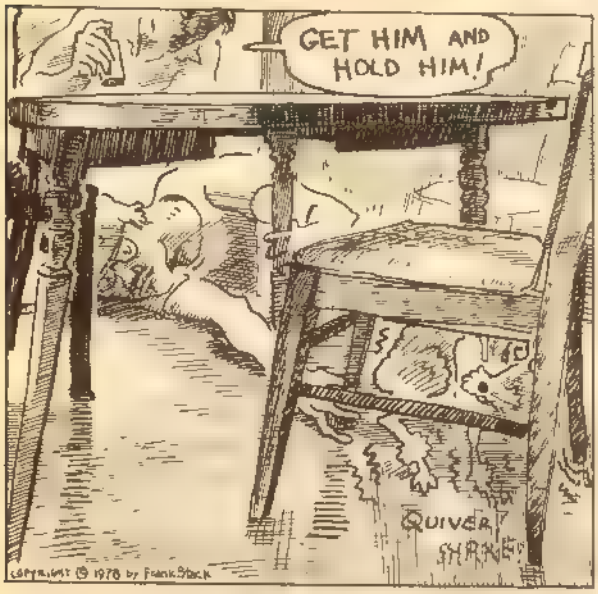

KNOCK KNOCK

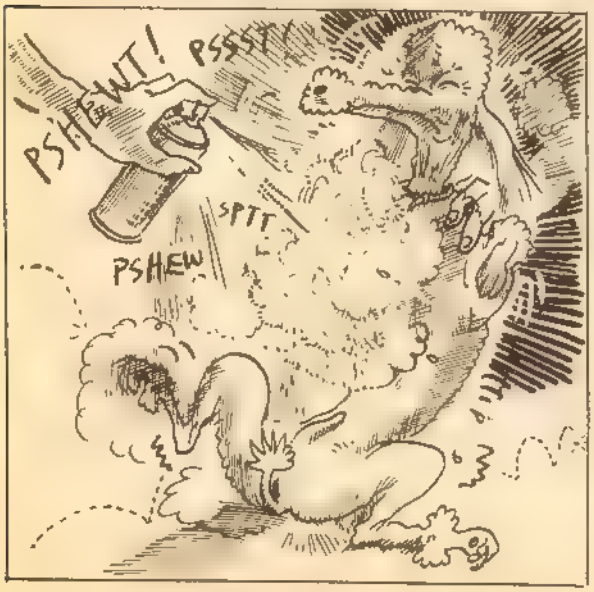

WELL! RED SCEPTUM! HOWAREYA? WHAT BRINGS YOU TO THIS SIDE OF TOWN?
OH, I WAS JUST DRIVIN' BY... WANT A SNORT?

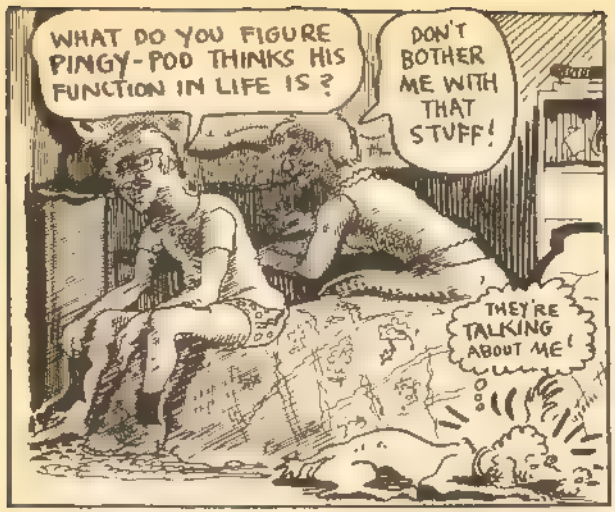

SOON...
SNORT SNORT
MMM... THANKS! NICE STUFF!!
YEAH, IT'S GOOD! BY THE WAY, I STILL HAVE A FEW OUNCES LEFT FOR SALE!
SSSSNURK
OH. YEAH? HOW MUCH?!
The End...

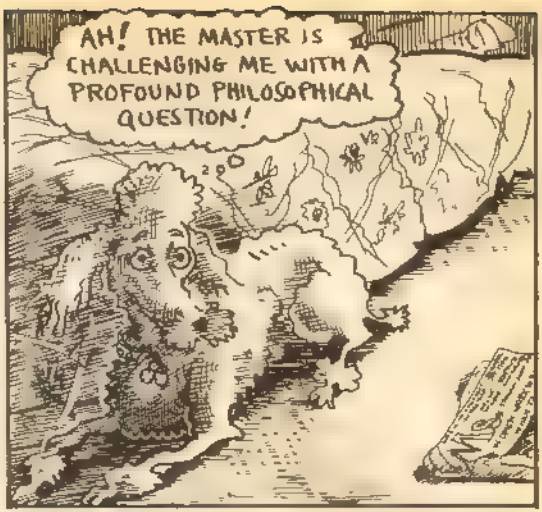
DORMAN'S DOGGIE

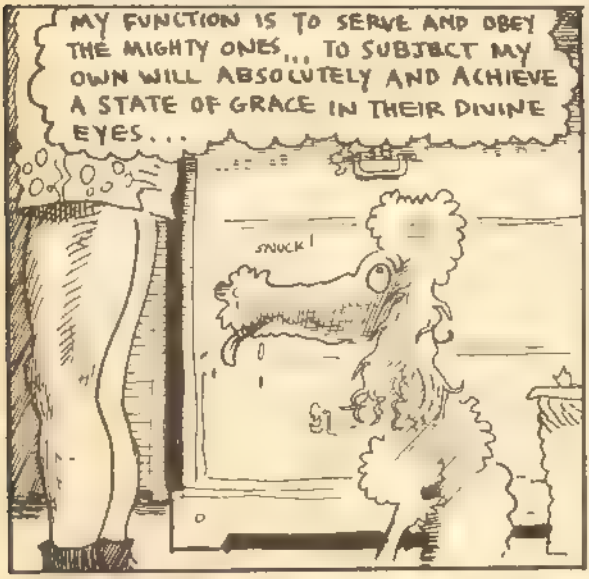
by Foolbert Sturgeon






WHAT DO YOU FIGURE PINGY-POO THINKS HIS FUNCTION IN LIFE IS?
DON'T BOTHER ME WITH THAT STUFF!
THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT ME!


AH! THE MASTER IS CHALLENGING ME WITH A PROFOUND PHILOSOPHICAL QUESTION!


MY FUNCTION IS TO SERVE AND OBEY THE MIGHTY ONES... TO SUBJECT MY OWN WILL ABSOLUTELY AND ACHIEVE A STATE OF GRACE IN THEIR DIVINE EYES...
SNUCK!

...TO SHOW GRATITUDE FOR MY DAILY GAINES BURGER AND FOR GETTING TO LIVE INSIDE DURING WINTER...
BY COWERING AND GROVELLING!!!
CLOMP!

TO BE A LOYAL AND FAITHFUL DOGGIE...

MAN'S BEST FRIEND... UH OH!
OH I'VE GOT A PEE!
WHINE WHINE I WANT OUT!!!

WHINE WHINE
I CAN'T HOLD IT ANY LONGER

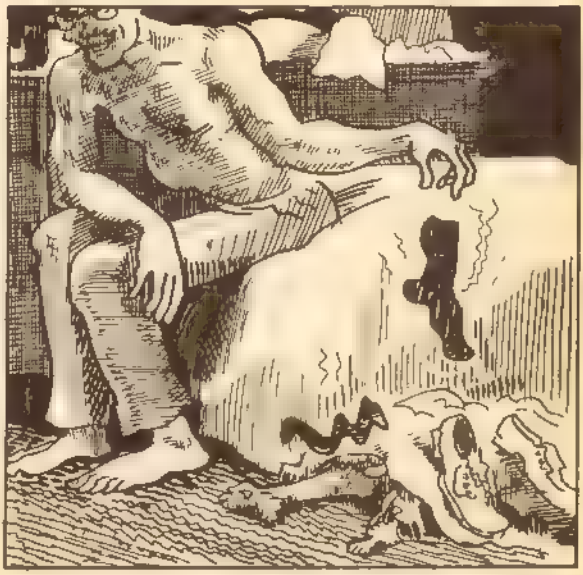
I'M GONNA KILL HIM!
NOW, NOW, HE'S JUST A POOR DUMB BRUTE!
HE'S AN ANGRY MASTER!

PING IS SLEEPING ON MY SHORTS AGAIN!
YOU SHOULDN'T LEAVE THEM ON THE FLOOR!
Z

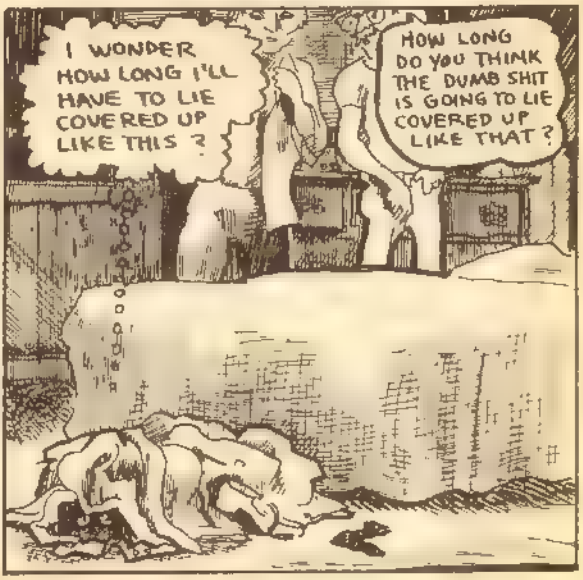
PLOP!

DROP!

SIGH!
GRRR!

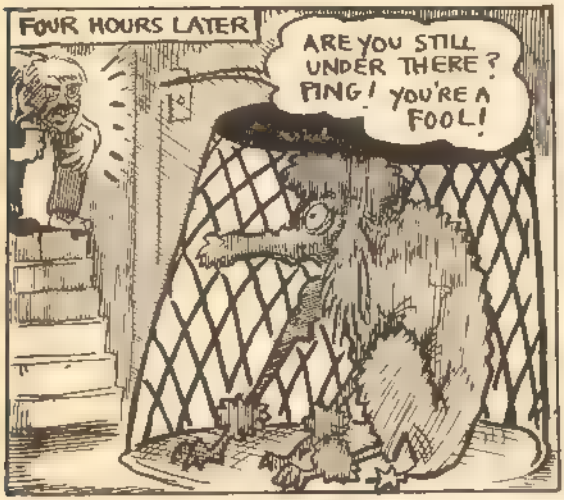


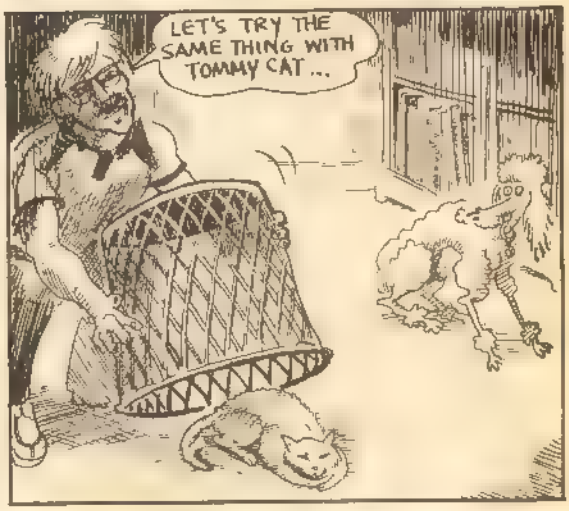
I SUPPOSE HE'S IMPOSING SOME SORT OF PENANCE ON ME...

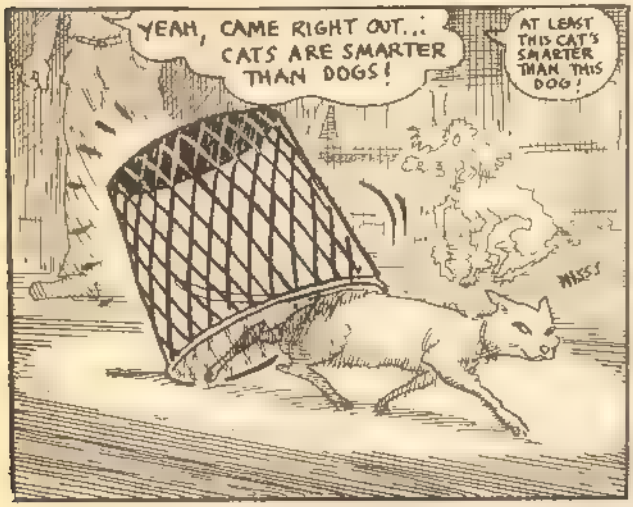

I WONDER HOW LONG I'LL HAVE TO LIE COVERED UP LIKE THIS?
HOW LONG DO YOU THINK THE DUMB SHIT IS GOING TO LIE COVERED UP LIKE THAT?

I THINK I'LL PERFORM AN EXPERIMENT IN CANINE PSYCHOLOGY
I'LL PLACE THIS LIGHTWEIGHT LAUNDRY BASKET OVER PING, THEN I'LL OBSERVE HOW LONG HE TAKES TO EXTRICATE HIMSELF FROM THIS SIMPLE PREDICAMENT!
GRRR!

HALF AN HOUR LATER
HE STILL HASN'T MOVED! WELL, I GOTTA GO TO WORK, HE'LL GET OUT WHILE I'M GONE!


FOUR HOURS LATER
ARE YOU STILL UNDER THERE? PING! YOU'RE A FOOL!


LET'S TRY THE SAME THING WITH TOMMY CAT...


YEAH, CAME RIGHT OUT... CATS ARE SMARTER THAN DOGS!
AT LEAST THIS CAT'S SMARTER THAN THIS DOG!
HISSS

THE PRODIGALS ARE BETTER LOVED THAN THE DUTIFUL.
YOU FOOL!

IT IS NOW **AUTUMN**, AND THE ATTENTION OF EVERY AMERICAN IS FOCUSED ON THE **NATIONAL SPORT**. EVENTUALLY, THE GAME OF **FOOTBALL** FORCES ITSELF INTO THE BRUTISH CONSCIOUSNESS OF OUR **HOG OF STEEL**, WHO IS NORMALLY INDIFFERENT TOWARD COMPETITIVE SPORTS BUT WHO, OWING TO PHILBERT DESANEX'S CHRONIC STATE OF UNEMPLOYMENT, HAS DECIDED TO APPLY FOR A POSITION ON MUTHALODE'S OWN PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL TEAM, THE MEANEST, DIRTIEST, FOULEST, (AND RICHEST) TEAM IN PRO FOOTBALL: THE **BUNGERS**.

WONDER WART-HOG IN "SUDDEN DEATH!"

SPORT REPORT

Straight From The
HUDDLE
BY BUTCH HAFFALUMP

Can the Muthalake Bungers make it two in a row? The Bungers marched into the Hyper Bowl last January and danced away with the coveted solid gold Rebozo Trophy, but the victory cost them 27 injured. Not to mention another seven members who died of natural causes between seasons

New faces at the Bunger training camp include twelfth round draft pick Keoke (Coolhead) Koolehooee, defensive tackle from the University of Hawaii, defense end T.T. (Terrible Temper) Tucker, recently acquired from the Washington Muggers, and an unknown, W. Wart Hog, who is eight eleven and weighs five hundred and ninety pounds but who has no previous football experience. I figure

EXHIBITION G
LAST YEAR'S CH
BEFORE THE SE

KICKS
IN PR

HEY, JUNIOR! SEE IF YOU CAN PUT TOGETHER A **UNIFORM** FOR THIS GUY OUT OF A **TARPAULIN** OR SOMETHING!

WHAT **POSITION** ARE YOU GOING TO TRY OUT FOR? WE GOTTA ISSUE YOU A **NUMBER**!

OH, I DON'T KNOW! I DO **EVERYTHING** ABOUT **EQUALLY WELL**!

WE DO HAVE A SIZE FOUR **HELMET**, BUT THIS **FACE GUARD** ISN'T GOING TO WORK!

MAYBE WE COULD FABRICATE ONE FROM THIS **FLAGPOLE MOUNT**!

GIVE HIM NUMBER **66**, JUNIOR! WE'LL MAKE HIM A **GUARD**!

WE LOST A **LOT** OF **GUARDS** LAST YEAR! **GRUBOWSKI** HAD TO HAVE **ELBOW SURGERY**, **CADILLAC JONES** GOT SENT UP THE RIVER FOR **DRUGS**, AND **SMUSKOFF** GOT THE **GOUT**!

NOW, HOG, WE RUN THE **THREE-FOUR DEFENSE** HERE. YOU'RE AT **NOSEGUARD**. YOU JUST KEY ON THE **QUARTERBACK**, **CONTAIN** THAT **CENTER**, AND KEEP THOSE **SLOTS CLOSED**. DO YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT?

ER, UH.. I THINK SO!

WHAT ARE ALL **THESE** THINGS?

DURING THE HARD DAYS OF PRACTICE THAT FOLLOW, **WONDER WART-HOG** SLOWLY LEARNS THE **BASICS** OF THE GRIDIRON.

NOW WHEN YOU HEAR THE **SNAP**, WONDER, I WANT YOU TO RUSH IN THERE AND **TACKLE** THE MAN WITH THE **BALL**!

ER YES SIR!

REDBIRD! THIRTY-FOUR! DOWN! HUP! HUP!

MUTHALODE BUNGERS TRAINING CAMP NO ADMITTANCE

THUMP! THUD! WHOCK! CRUNCH! WHAK! WHUFF! CRINKLE! BOP! CRACK! BONK! BUMP!

WHAT'S THE **MATTER**? YOU DIDN'T EVEN **TRY** TO RUSH THE PLAY! YOU JUST **SAT THERE** LIKE A **BUMP ON A LOG**!

I DIDN'T HEAR ANY "SNAP!"

IT'S JUST A FIGURE OF SPEECH, WONDER! THE **NEXT** PLAY, JUST WAIT UNTIL THE MEN START **MOVING**, THEN JUST GRAB THE ONE WITH THE **BALL** AND **HOLD ON** TO HIM!

GOTCHA, CHIEF!

STOP! STOP! NOW WHAT ARE YOU DOING? YOU CAN'T TACKLE **ALL** OF THEM!

I'M **TRYING** TO FIND THE ONE WITH THE **BALL**!

FRANK FRUMPP, HEAD COACH FOR THE MUTHALODE BUNGERS, HOLDS A PRESS CONFERENCE TO ANNOUNCE HIS TEAM'S NEW ACQUISITION, THE UNKNOWN W.W. HOG.

WELL, HE HAS ABSOLUTELY **NO** EXPERIENCE, BUT HE'S **EIGHT FOOT NINE** AND WEIGHS **SIX HUNDRED TWENTY**, SO WHO **NEEDS** IT?

YOU MEAN THIS GUY HAS NEVER EVEN PLAYED AN EXHIBITION GAME?

NOPE, WE'VE BEEN SAVING HIM FOR THE REGULAR SEASON! YOU GUYS CAN SEE HIM PLAY THIS SUNDAY!

SPORT REPORT

Straight From The
HUDDLE
BY BUTCH HAFFALUMP

The eyes of the sports world are focused this week on Muthalode Stadium, where the Muthalode Bungers open the regular season Sunday against the Des Moines Dog-Bites. The outcome of this particular game is scarcely in doubt, both teams being virtually the same as last year when the Bungers beat the Dog-Bites by 38 points and went on to win the Hyper Bowl and carry home the Rebozo Trophy.

The only significant change has been the acquisition by the Bungers of eight foot eleven, six hundred and seventy pound "Wonder" Hog, an unknown with no previous football experience, who will start [illegible] ought to one

RABID CADILL

PRE-SEAS
UNFORTUNA
WITH A TWIN

THE NIGHT BEFORE A HOME GAME, PLAYERS AND STAFF ALWAYS SPEND THE NIGHT AT THE SWANK MUTHALODE HOTEL.

WOW! HEY, **LOOK**! MY NAME IN THE **PAPER**! MY **NAME** IN THE PAPER!

THAT MAKES TWICE!

YEAH, ROOMMATE! GREAT!!

ALL RIGHT, MEN! NINE O'CLOCK! LIGHTS OUT!

WOW! MY **VERY FIRST** GAME OF **PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL**! MY VERY FIRST GAME OF **FOOTBALL**, EVEN! ACTUALLY, IT'S THE FIRST GAME OF ANY SORT WHERE I GET TO WEAR A **UNIFORM**! AND SUCH A **SHARP** UNIFORM, ALL **BLUE** AND **BLACK**! I'M SO EXCITED I CAN HARDLY..

I CAN HARDLY

ZZZZZ~

ZZZ!

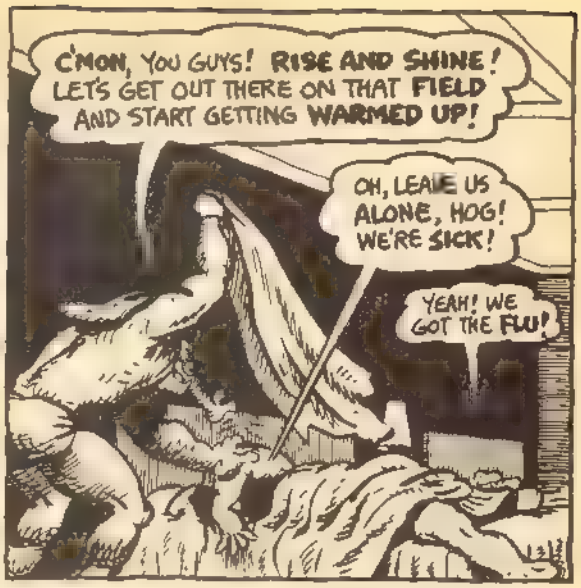
HONK!

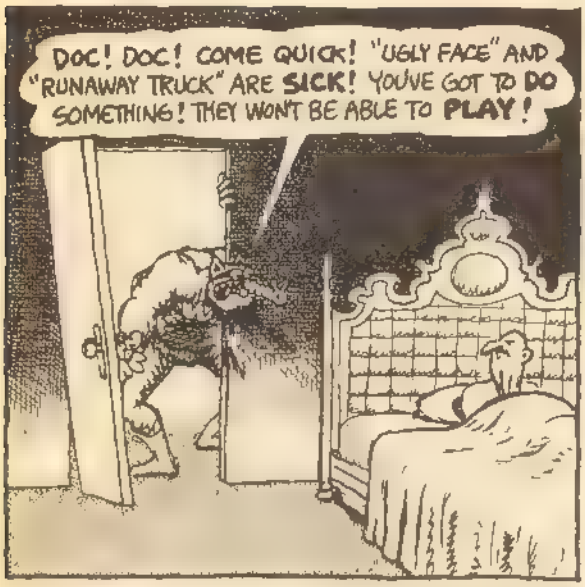
SNURKLE!

FWEEEEEEEE

HOW CAN WE **SLEEP** IN ALL THAT **RACKET**? WE'LL HAVE TO SNEAK DOWN TO THE SWANK MUTHALODE HOTEL **BAR**!

OH BOY! TODAY'S THE DAY! C'MON, FELLOWS! WAKE UP!
RING
MOAN!
BARF!


C'MON, YOU GUYS! RISE AND SHINE! LET'S GET OUT THERE ON THAT FIELD AND START GETTING WARMED UP!
OH, LEAVE US ALONE, HOG! WE'RE SICK!
YEAH! WE GOT THE FLU!

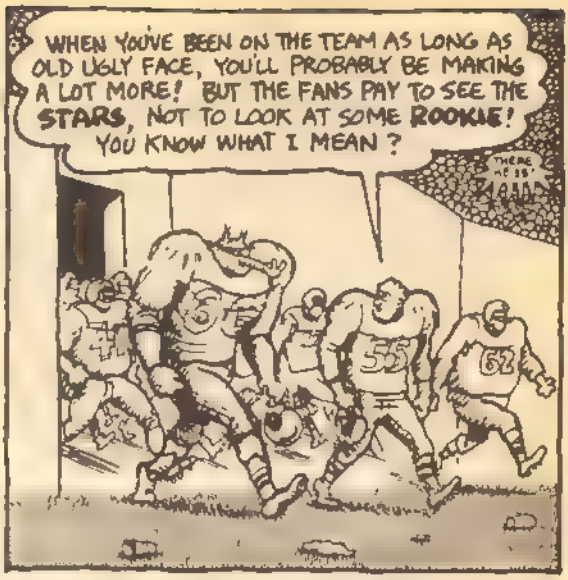

DOC! DOC! COME QUICK! "UGLY FACE" AND "RUNAWAY TRUCK" ARE SICK! YOU'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING! THEY WON'T BE ABLE TO PLAY!

UGLY FACE, I WANT YOU AND RUNAWAY TRUCK TO STAY OUT OF THAT SWANK MUTHALODE BAR! YOU'RE GOING TO SET A BAD EXAMPLE FOR YOUNG HOG HERE!
DON'T GIVE ME NO LECTURE, DOC! JUST GIVE ME A SHOT OF VITAMIN B-12, SOME CORTISONE AND SOME METHADRINE!
YA GOT ANY MORPHINE, DOC? I DRANK SIXTY-EIGHT MARGARITAS LAST NIGHT!

YOU GUYS CERTAINLY ARE DEDICATED, TO GO THROUGH ALL THAT PAIN JUST TO PLAY A GAME OF FOOTBALL!
YEAH, I PROBABLY WOULDN'T DO IT IF IT WEREN'T FOR THE FIFTY THOUSAND BUCKS A YEAR!

YOU GET FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS A YEAR? THAT'S NOT FAIR! I ONLY GET TEN THOUSAND!
YOU'D BETTER GET YOURSELF A LAWYER, HOG!

I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY OLD UGLY FACE IS GETTING PAID FIVE TIMES AS MUCH AS I'M SUPPOSED TO GET!
THAT'S THE BREAKS OF THE GAME, HOG!


WHEN YOU'VE BEEN ON THE TEAM AS LONG AS OLD UGLY FACE, YOU'LL PROBABLY BE MAKING A LOT MORE! BUT THE FANS PAY TO SEE THE STARS, NOT TO LOOK AT SOME ROOKIE! YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN?

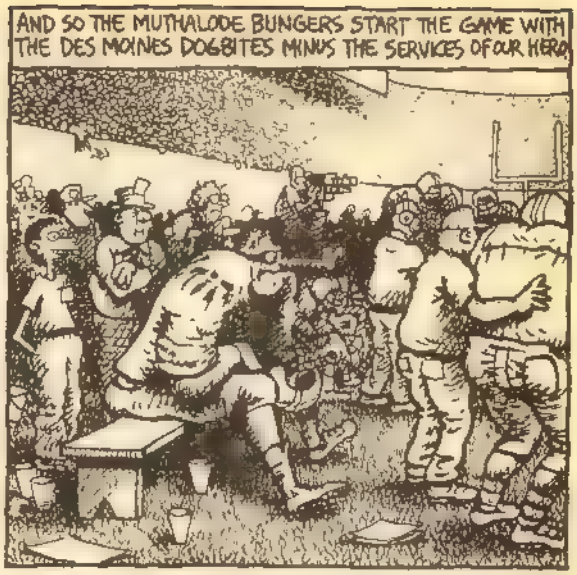
YAYY! ROAR! BRING ON THE HOG!
WE WANT THE WART-HOG!
LET'S SEE THAT BIG PIG!

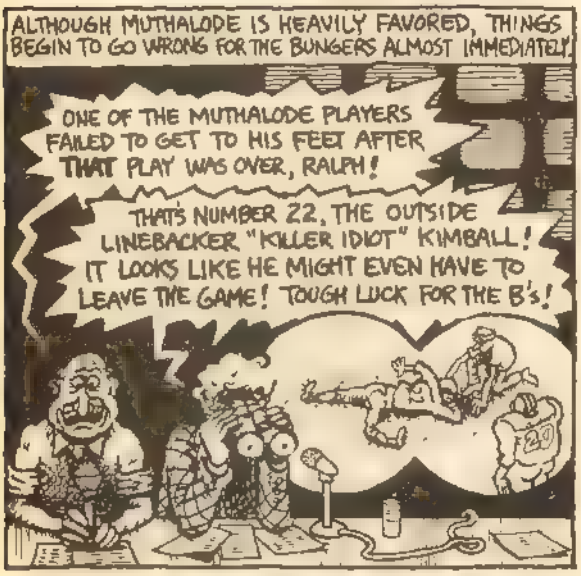
COACH! THAT CROWD IS YELLING FOR ME! ALL THOSE PEOPLE WANT TO SEE ME! I DON'T THINK I WANT TO PLAY FOR A CRUMMY TEN THOUSAND BUCKS PER YEAR!

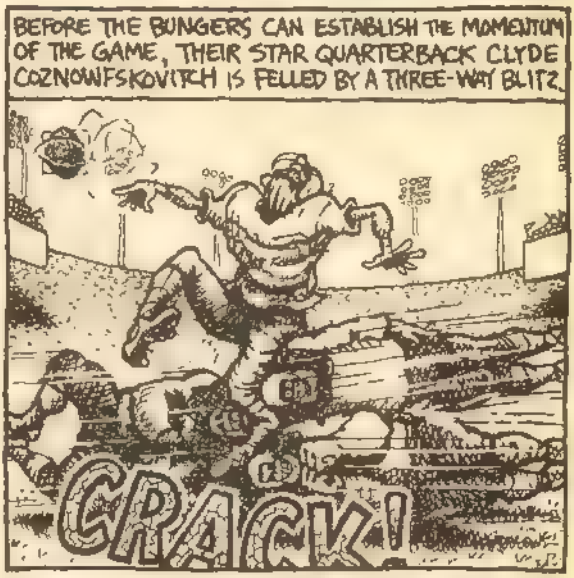
YOU GOTTA PLAY FOR TEN THOU, OR YOU DON'T PLAY AT ALL! WE HAVE CERTAIN RULES IN THIS CONFERENCE, AND YOU SIGNED YOUR NAME ON THIS CONTRACT!
WART HOG!
WART-HOG!

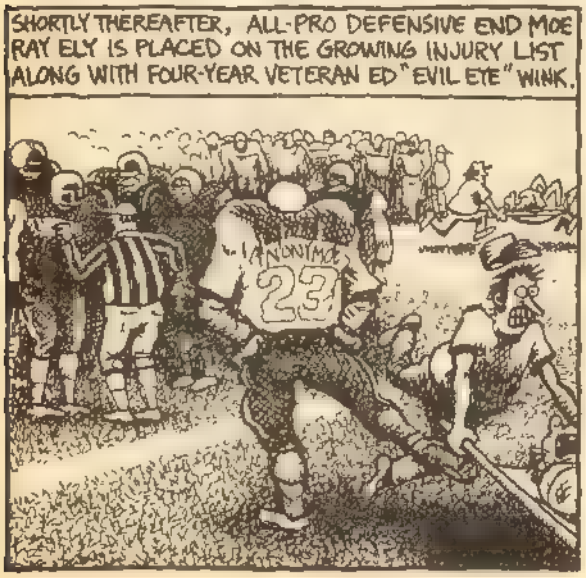
GLUP!

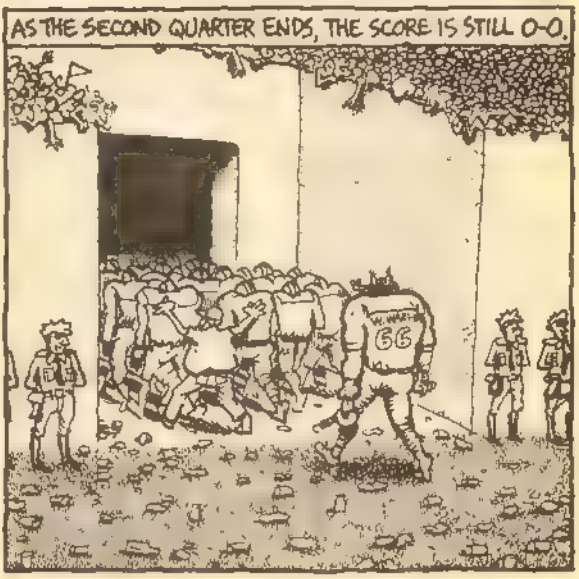
YOU'LL NEVER PLAY PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL AGAIN, HOG! I'LL SEE TO THAT!
(WHAT HAPPENED?)
(THE HOG GRABBED HIS CONTRACT OUT OF THE COACH'S HAND AND SWALLOWED IT!!)
SEECH!


AND SO THE MUTHALODE BUNGERS START THE GAME WITH THE DES MOINES DOGBITES MINUS THE SERVICES OF OUR HERO.


ALTHOUGH MUTHALODE IS HEAVILY FAVORED, THINGS BEGIN TO GO WRONG FOR THE BUNGERS ALMOST IMMEDIATELY.
ONE OF THE MUTHALODE PLAYERS FAILED TO GET TO HIS FEET AFTER THAT PLAY WAS OVER, RALPH!
THAT'S NUMBER 22, THE OUTSIDE LINEBACKER "KILLER IDIOT" KIMBALL! IT LOOKS LIKE HE MIGHT EVEN HAVE TO LEAVE THE GAME! TOUGH LUCK FOR THE B's!


BEFORE THE BUNGERS CAN ESTABLISH THE MOMENTUM OF THE GAME, THEIR STAR QUARTERBACK CLYDE COZNOWFSKOVITCH IS FELLED BY A THREE-WAY BLITZ.
CRACK!


SHORTLY THEREAFTER, ALL-PRO DEFENSIVE END MOE RAY ELY IS PLACED ON THE GROWING INJURY LIST ALONG WITH FOUR-YEAR VETERAN ED "EVIL ETE" WINK.
ANONYMOUS
23


AS THE SECOND QUARTER ENDS, THE SCORE IS STILL 0-0.
66

HALF-TIME ON THE FIELD BRINGS FORTH A COLORFUL PROGRAM OF ENTERTAINMENT, BEGINNING WITH AN 800-MEMBER PRECISION MARCHING FRISBEE TROUPE.

THIS IS FOLLOWED BY THE CEREMONIAL CROWNING OF 1977'S MISS OFFSHORE DRILLING RIG AND THE FINALS OF THE STATEWIDE GRADE-SCHOOL KUNG FU TOURNAMENT.

THEN, AS A FORMATION OF HANG-GLIDERS CIRCLES ABOVE THE FIELD, THE MOSLEM TABERNACLE CHOIR SINGS A STIRRING MEDLEY OF PUNK ROCK CLASSICS.

MEANWHILE, COACH FRANK FRUMPP IS DELIVERING A LOCKER-ROOM TALK TO THE MUTHALODE BUNGERS.

I'M NOT GOING TO HAND YOU A LOT OF PHILOSOPHY, MEN! I JUST WANT YOU TO KEEP IN MIND THAT IF YOU LOSE THIS GAME TO THE DES MOINES DOGBITES, IT'S GOING TO LOSE OUR ORGANIZATION MILLIONS OF DOLLARS!

JUST THINK ABOUT ALL OF THOSE DOLLARS, MEN, WHEN YOU GO BACK OUT ON THE FIELD!

YARRRGGHH! DOLLARS!

MONEY! KILL!

MAIM!

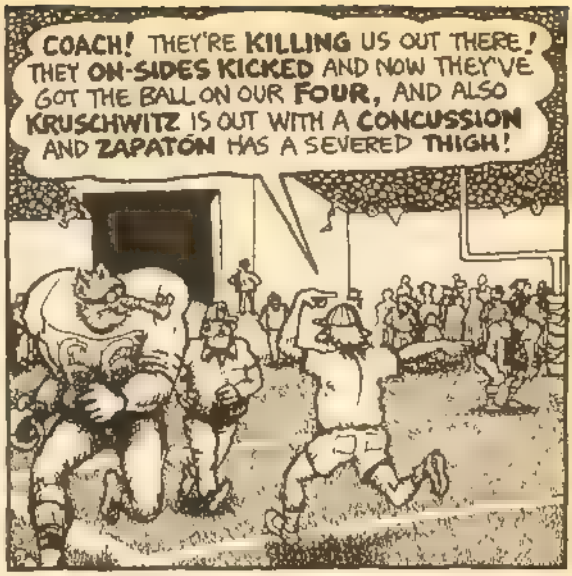
MUTILATE!

DIS-MEMBER!

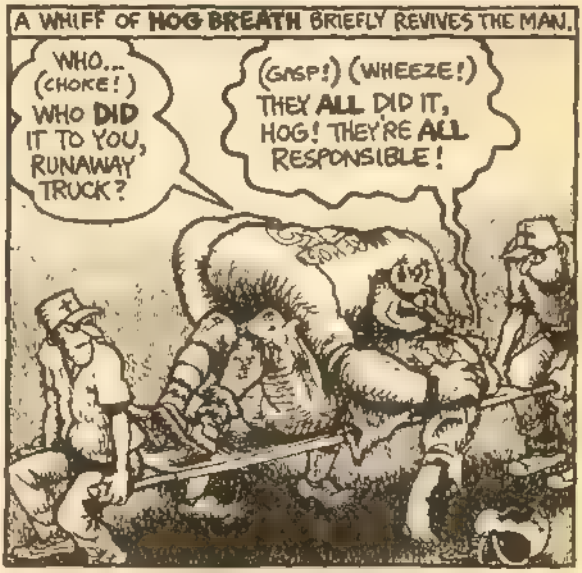
WHAT ARE YOU STILL HANGING AROUND FOR, HOG?

THE GAME'S NOT OVER YET! I FIGURE YOU STILL MIGHT CHANGE YOUR MIND ABOUT PAYING ME A MEASLY FIFTY THOU A YEAR, AFTER TALKING ABOUT ALL THOSE MILLIONS OF DOLLARS!

OKAY! ALL RIGHT! I'LL PAY YOU A MEAS— I'LL PAY YOU FIFTY THOUSAND A YEAR! JUST GET OUT THERE ON THAT FIELD!


COACH! THEY'RE KILLING US OUT THERE! THEY ON-SIDES KICKED AND NOW THEY'VE GOT THE BALL ON OUR FOUR, AND ALSO KRUSCHWITZ IS OUT WITH A CONCUSSION AND ZAPATON HAS A SEVERED THIGH!

THEY HURT "RUNAWAY TRUCK" KRUSCHWITZ? HE... HE'S MY ROOMMATE! THEY HURT MY ROOMMATE? THE ONLY FRIEND I HAVE?

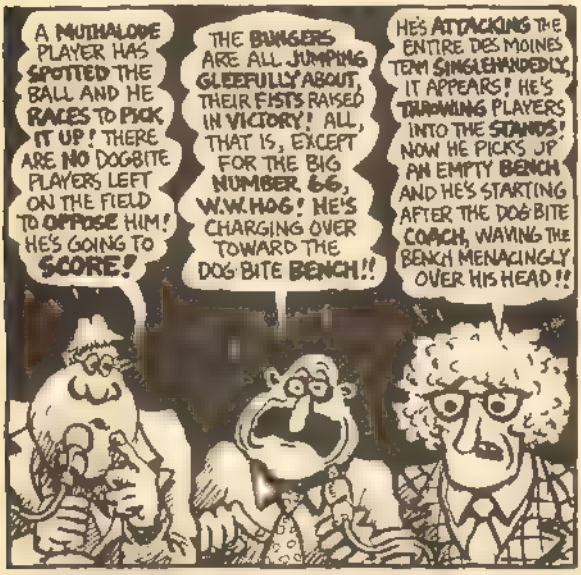

A WHIFF OF HOG BREATH BRIEFLY REVIVES THE MAN.
WHO... (CHOKE!) WHO DID IT TO YOU, RUNAWAY TRUCK?
(GASP!) (WHEEZE!) THEY ALL DID IT, HOG! THEY'RE ALL RESPONSIBLE!

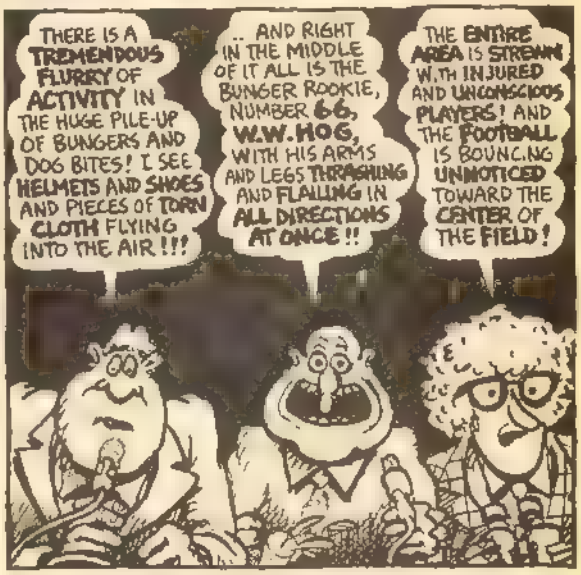
ALL RIGHT, HOG! EARN YOUR PAY!
W. WARTHOG
56

YOU GUYS HURT MY FRIEND! I PROMISE YOU, THE DES MOINES DOGBITES WILL REGRET THIS DAY-FOR EVER AND EVER! (CHOKE!)
♪!
W. WART-HOG

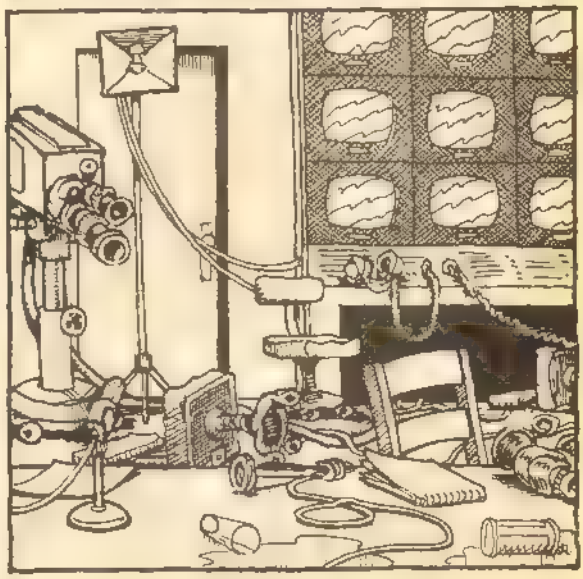
THE DES MOINES DOG-BITES SEEM TO HAVE SEIZED THE INITIATIVE IN THE OPENING MOMENTS OF THE SECOND HALF HERE AT MUTHALODE STADIUM!
THE DOG-BITES GOT THE BALL FROM THE BUNGERS WITH AN ON-SIDES KICK, AND NOW IT'S FIRST AND GOAL FROM THE MUTHALODE FOUR YARD LINE!
THE BUNGERS SUSTAINED A NUMBER OF INJURIES IN THE FIRST HALF, AND TWO MORE MEN WERE TAKEN OUT ON THAT LAST PLAY!

MUTHALODE HAS SENT IN A SUBSTITUTE IT'S NUMBER 66, THE ROOKIE NOSE GUARD W.W. HOG! HE'S A BIG FELLOW!
THE BUNGERS MUST BE GETTING DESPERATE IF THEY HAVE TO RELY ON AN UNPROVEN PLAYER IN THIS CRUCIAL SITUATION, WOULDN'T YOU SAY?
THE DOG-BITES ARE COMING OUT OF THE HUDDLE THERE'S THE SNAP... THE HANDOFF .. AND DOG-BITE RUNNING BACK MEL MUSSOLINI PLOWS INTO THE CENTER OF THAT MASSIVE LINE


A MUTHALODE PLAYER HAS SPOTTED THE BALL AND HE RACES TO PICK IT UP! THERE ARE NO DOGBITE PLAYERS LEFT ON THE FIELD TO OPPOSE HIM! HE'S GOING TO SCORE!
THE BUNGERS ARE ALL JUMPING GLEEFULLY ABOUT, THEIR FISTS RAISED IN VICTORY! ALL, THAT IS, EXCEPT FOR THE BIG NUMBER 66, W.W. HOG! HE'S CHARGING OVER TOWARD THE DOG BITE BENCH!!
HE'S ATTACKING THE ENTIRE DES MOINES TEAM SINGLEHANDEDLY, IT APPEARS! HE'S THROWING PLAYERS INTO THE STANDS! NOW HE PICKS UP AN EMPTY BENCH AND HE'S STARTING AFTER THE DOG BITE COACH, WAVING THE BENCH MENACINGLY OVER HIS HEAD!!


THERE IS A TREMENDOUS FLURRY OF ACTIVITY IN THE HUGE PILE-UP OF BUNGERS AND DOG BITES! I SEE HELMETS AND SHOES AND PIECES OF TORN CLOTH FLYING INTO THE AIR!!!
.. AND RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF IT ALL IS THE BUNGER ROOKIE, NUMBER 66, W.W. HOG, WITH HIS ARMS AND LEGS THRASHING AND FLAILING IN ALL DIRECTIONS AT ONCE!!
THE ENTIRE AREA IS STREWN WITH INJURED AND UNCONSCIOUS PLAYERS! AND THE FOOTBALL IS BOUNCING UNNOTICED TOWARD THE CENTER OF THE FIELD!

HE'S DONE WITH THE PLAYERS AND COACH, AND NOW HE'S GOING FOR THE WATER BOYS AND THE CHEERLEADERS! NO ONE ON THE DOG-BITE SIDE IS SAFE!
NOW HE'S CLIMBING INTO THE STANDS WHERE THE DOG-BITE FANS ARE SITTING! PEOPLE ARE RUNNING EVERYWHERE!
HE'S COMING UP THIS WAY! MAYBE WE'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE!



THE NEXT MORNINGS PAPER

SPORTS

DOG-BITES FORFEIT AS RIOT ENDS GAM

ENTIRE DOG-BITE TEAM PLACED ON INJURY LIST

AS RIOT

Muthalode (OPS) The season opener between the Muthalode Bungers and the Des Moines Dog-Bites was finally declared by an official some six hours after the mysterious early end of the game to have been forfeited by Des Moines, since no one in or near the stadium would admit that they were in any way connected with the Des Moines team.

In fact, no one would even admit to having been a referee forgute[illegible]e. Two officials were [illegible]ng in a locked closet [illegible]eath the grandstands by [illegible] of the game, W.W. Hog, and soon reached a decision

The other officials, plus the entire Des Moines team and all their fans, have been presumed to have gone back to Des Moines [illegible] left their cars and it appears that Des Moines will be out of the conference for the remainder of the season.

The final play of the game which took place early in the third quarter, started with Des Moines in possession of the ball on the Muthalode four yard line, with first down and goal. Bunger coach Frank Frump h[illegible] sent in rookie W.W. Hog to re[illegible] injured center Vernon Schmerv[illegible]

When the ball was snapped Hog seemed to go berserk [illegible] a blur of action and every of the Dog-Bite players [illegible] in various stages of injury.

In the confusion, the fo[illegible] ball rolled away unnotic[illegible] it was picked up by a Mu[illegible] player and presumably s[illegible] a touchdown, but since the referees had run aw[illegible] [illegible] Hog running a[illegible]

SPORT REPORT

Straight from the

HUDDLE

BY BUTCH HEFFALUMP

Remember, you read about him first in this column! The nine foot two, 704-pound defensive lineman W.W. Hog, who was a virtual unknown and who in fact still has played pro ball only briefly (one play) is now the talk of the town, but until he singlehandedly cleaned out Muthalode Stadium of every last Dog Bite supporter no one thought he had any football talent at all.

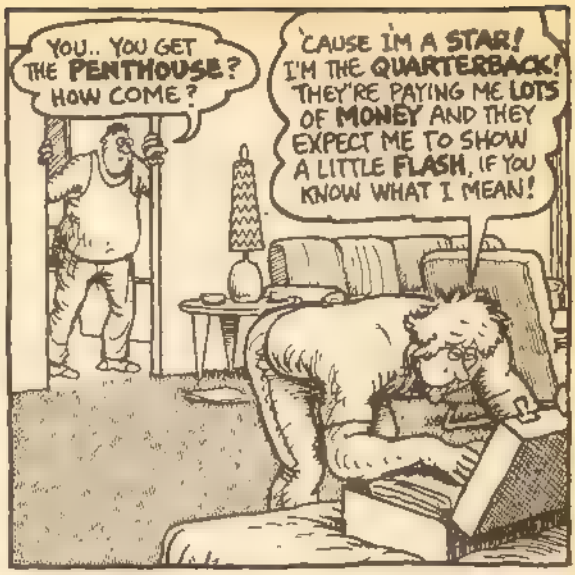
The Hog

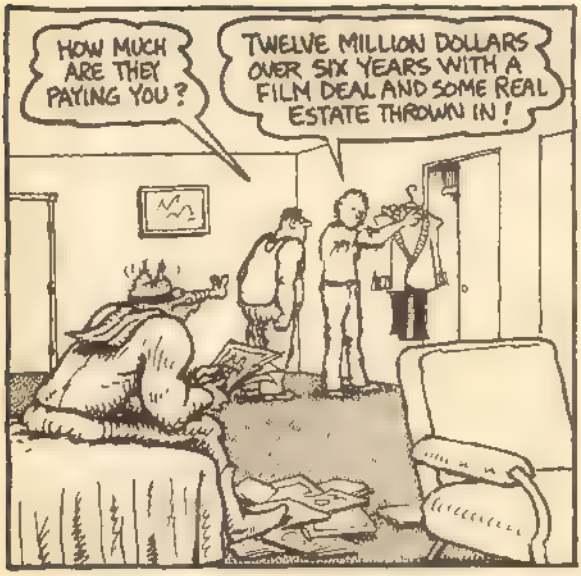
I was able to see the Hog briefly as he dined at the Swank Muthalode Restaurant (six pheasants, [illegible] pounds of New Zealand lobster, truffles, [illegible] pounds of caviar, vats [illegible]

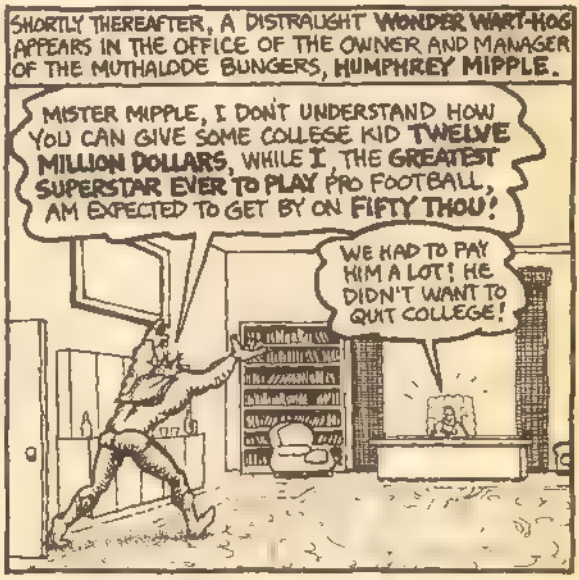
FOOT IMPR

Despite unsavory a[illegible] no way to criminal [illegible] or else th[illegible] not insan[illegible] will. In [illegible] partiall[illegible]

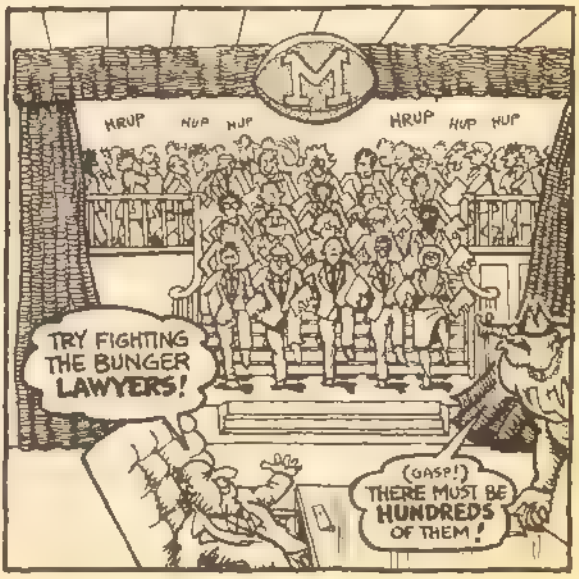
YOU'RE THE NEW QUARTERBACK THEY GOT TO REPLACE COZNOWFSKOVICH?
YEAH! I'M YOUR TEMPORARY ROOMMATE UNTIL THEY GET MY ROOM UP ON THE ROOF FIXED UP!

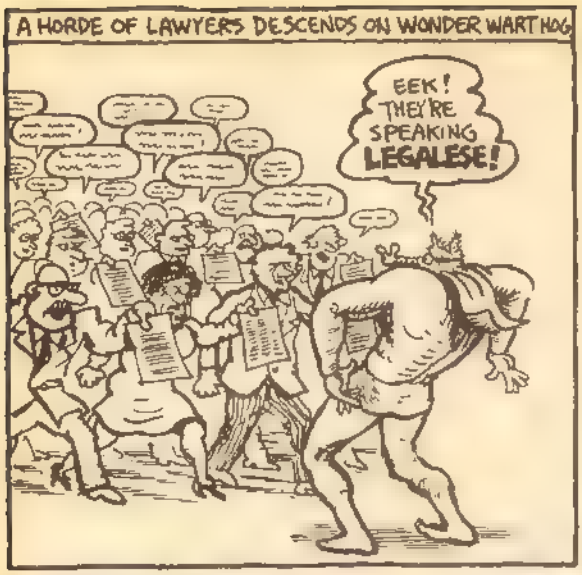

YOU.. YOU GET THE PENTHOUSE? HOW COME?
'CAUSE I'M A STAR! I'M THE QUARTERBACK! THEY'RE PAYING ME LOTS OF MONEY AND THEY EXPECT ME TO SHOW A LITTLE FLASH, IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN!


HOW MUCH ARE THEY PAYING YOU?
TWELVE MILLION DOLLARS OVER SIX YEARS WITH A FILM DEAL AND SOME REAL ESTATE THROWN IN!

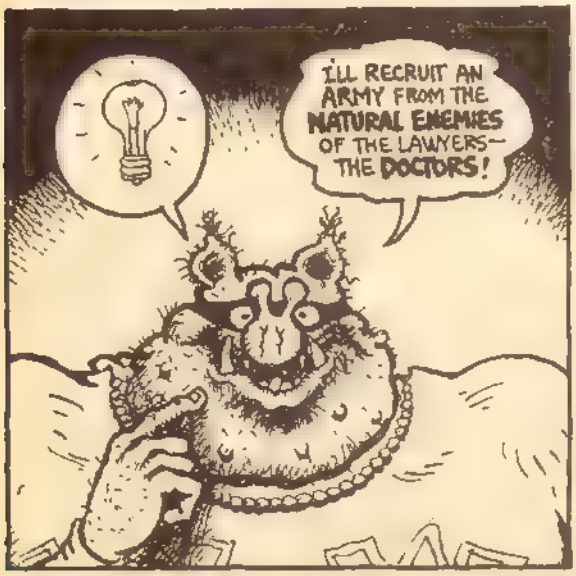

SHORTLY THEREAFTER, A DISTRAUGHT WONDER WART-HOG APPEARS IN THE OFFICE OF THE OWNER AND MANAGER OF THE MUTHALODE BUNGERS, HUMPHREY MIPPLE.
MISTER MIPPLE, I DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW YOU CAN GIVE SOME COLLEGE KID TWELVE MILLION DOLLARS, WHILE I, THE GREATEST SUPERSTAR EVER TO PLAY PRO FOOTBALL, AM EXPECTED TO GET BY ON FIFTY THOU!
WE HAD TO PAY HIM A LOT! HE DIDN'T WANT TO QUIT COLLEGE!

LOOK AT THIS! DURING THE LAST FIVE DAYS, MY PICTURE HAS APPEARED IN TIME AND NEWSWEEK, AND ON THE COVERS OF SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, ROLLING STONE AND PLAIN TRUTH! THAT'S WORTH MILLIONS IN PUBLICITY FOR YOU AND YOUR TEAM! IT MAKES ME ANGRY TO BE UNDERPAID LIKE THIS! AND YOU MAY RECALL WHAT I'M LIKE WHEN I'M ANGRY!
YOU SAY YOU'RE LOOKING FOR A FIGHT, HOG?


HRUP HUP HUP
HRUP HUP HUP
TRY FIGHTING THE BUNGER LAWYERS!
(GASP!) THERE MUST BE HUNDREDS OF THEM!


A HORDE OF LAWYERS DESCENDS ON WONDER WART HOG
EEK! THEY'RE SPEAKING LEGALESE!

HE BOLTS THROUGH THE CEILING IN HIS CONFUSION.
HOW CAN I FIGHT THIS?


I'LL RECRUIT AN ARMY FROM THE NATURAL ENEMIES OF THE LAWYERS— THE DOCTORS!

SOON, DOCTORS AND LAWYERS ARE ENGAGED IN BLOODY COMBAT IN THE HALLOWED HALLS OF GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS

HEY! HOG! WAKE UP! YOU'RE HAVING A BAD DREAM OR SOMETHING!

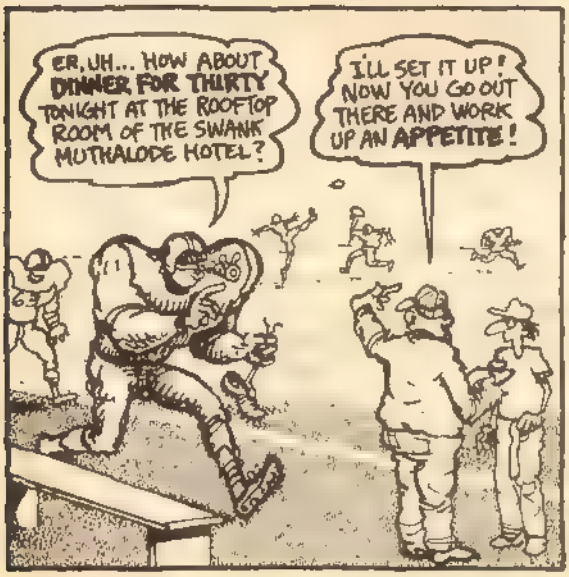
HUNH? HUNH? WHAT DAY IS IT?
ITS SUNDAY AGAIN! TIME TO GO OUT AND KICK THE OLD PIGSKIN AROUND!

COACH, I KEEP SPENDING SO MUCH TIME THINKING ABOUT THINGS LIKE MONEY AND SALARY THAT I'M AFRAID IT'S AFFECTING MY ABILITY TO PLAY A COMPLICATED GAME LIKE FOOTBALL!
DRESSING ROOM

I HAVE AN IDEA, HOG! YOU KEEP US FROM LOSING ANY FOOTBALL GAMES ALL THE WAY THROUGH THE HYPER BOWL, AND WE'LL SEE TO IT THAT YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT MONEY! WE'LL BUY YOU ANYTHING YOU ASK FOR IN THE WHOLE WORLD!

I DON'T FEEL LIKE WAITING UNTIL THE END OF THE SEASON TO GET ANYTHING! I WANT TO HAVE SOMETHING NOW!
SURE, HOG! BUT WE'LL HAVE TO KIND OF SPREAD IT OUT, YOU KNOW! TELL YOU WHAT! WE'LL GIVE YOU ONE REQUEST PER WEEK! WHAT DO YOU WANT FOR LAST WEEK'S GAME?

UH, UH, UH...
C'MON, HURRY UP! IT'S ALMOST TIME TO PLAY THIS WEEK'S GAME!


ER, UH... HOW ABOUT DINNER FOR THIRTY TONIGHT AT THE ROOFTOP ROOM OF THE SWANK MUTHALODE HOTEL?
I'LL SET IT UP! NOW YOU GO OUT THERE AND WORK UP AN APPETITE!

THAT EVENING AT THE ROOFTOP ROOM:
CONGRATULATIONS ON TODAY'S 67-0 VICTORY OVER THE SALT LAKE SADISTS, MR. HOG! YOUR TABLE FOR THIRTY IS RIGHT OVER THIS WAY! WHEN WILL THE OTHER GUESTS BE ARRIVING?
OTHER GUESTS? WHAT OTHER GUESTS? THIS GRUB IS FOR ME!!

IN THE EXECUTIVE SUITES OF THE BUNGER COMPLEX.

I TOOK CARE OF THE HOG'S CONTRACT! INSTEAD OF GIVING HIM MONEY, I PROMISED TO BUY HIM WHATEVER HE ASKS FOR AFTER EACH GAME WE WIN!

COULDN'T THAT END UP COSTING US A LOT?

HE'LL COST US A **LOT LESS** THIS WAY! HE SEEMS TO HAVE FAIRLY INEXPENSIVE TASTES!

FOR HIS TWO GAMES SO FAR, HE'S ASKED FOR A DINNER AT THE ROOFTOP ROOM AND A PINBALL MACHINE!

YOU'RE A **GENIUS**, FRANK!

YOU'LL SAVE THE ORGANIZATION MILLIONS OF DOLLARS!

WE WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT SOMEONE OUTBIDDING US, EITHER!

IN THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOW, **WONDER WART-HOG** CONTINUES TO SHUT OUT MUTHALODE'S OPPONENTS.

HEY, C'MON! GIVE US A BREAK! YOU'VE ALREADY GOT **46 POINTS**!

DON'T TALK TO ME, YOU TREACHEROUS LITTLE PASS-THROWER! TONIGHT I'M WORKING FOR A **GIANT-SCREEN TELEVISION**!

IT'S THE FIRST TIME THE TALLAHASSEE NASTIES HAVE GONE ENTIRELY SCORELESS!

EVEN FIELD GOALS PROVE IMPOSSIBLE AGAINST OUR HERO'S TOWERING HEIGHT.

...AND THE SCORE REMAINS MUTHALODE BUNGERS 73, THE ATLANTIC CITY SHARKS NOTHING!

GRAB

KING SIZE WATERBED

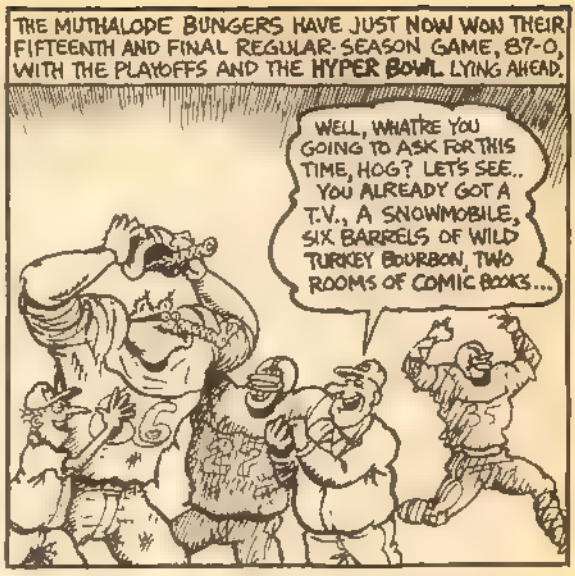
WW HOG 66

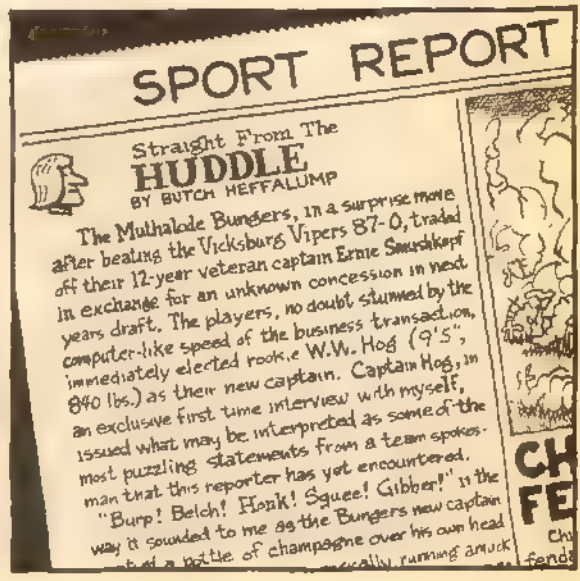
POONT

THERE'S THE **FINAL GUN**, WITH THE SCORE: MUTHALODE **66**, THE LINCOLN LUGWRENCHES **ZERO**!

WHAT'S YOUR WISH THIS WEEK, HOG? ANYTHING YOU WANT! JUST NAME IT!

THIS WEEK I'D LIKE... I'D LIKE... A **BUICK ELECTRA**!





SPORT REPORT

Straight From The
HUDDLE
BY BUTCH HEFFALUMP

The Muthalode Bungers, in a surprise move after beating the Vicksburg Vipers 87-0, traded off their 12-year veteran captain Ernie Smushkopf in exchange for an unknown concession in next years draft. The players, no doubt stunned by the computer-like speed of the business transaction, immediately elected rookie W.W. Hog (9'5", 840 lbs.) as their new captain. Captain Hog, in an exclusive first time interview with myself, issued what may be interpreted as some of the most puzzling statements from a team spokesman that this reporter has yet encountered. "Burp! Belch! Honk! Squee! Gibber!" in the way it sounded to me as the Bungers new captain [illegible] a bottle of champagne over his own head [illegible] running amuck

THE MUTHALODE BUNGERS' FIRST OPPONENTS IN THE PLAYOFFS ARE THE LOWLY-REGARDED NASHVILLE TRASHERS, WHO ARRIVE WITH A 10-5 SEASON RECORD AND DEPART WITH A 10-6.

THERE GOES THE **GUN** WITH THE SCORE. **BUNGERS 35, NASHVILLE 0!** YOU KNOW, THAT'S THE **SMALLEST** MARGIN THAT MUTHALODE HAS WON BY **ALL SEASON!**

THEY HAVE HELD THEIR OPPONENTS TO AN AVERAGE OF **MINUS** TWENTY POINT THREE YARDS PER GAME, MAINLY DUE TO THE PERFORMANCE OF THEIR BIG DEFENSIVE CENTER, **W.W. HOG!**

NEXT WEEK WE GO AGAINST THE **BETHLEHEM BEASTS**, HOG! IF WE BEAT **THEM**, WE GO ON TO THE **HYPER BOWL!**

I KNOW THAT, COACH! NOW, ABOUT MY **REQUEST**...

YEAH, I HEARD YOU! YOU WANT TO BE ALLOWED TO **RUN** WITH THE BALL NEXT WEEK! BUT YOU'RE A **DEFENSIVE** PLAYER! YOU KNOW DEFENSIVE PLAYERS AREN'T TRAINED TO **RUN** WITH THE BALL! THEY'RE LIKELY TO **FUMBLE!**

HOW ABOUT SOMETHING **ELSE**? WE CAN BUY YOU **ANYTHING!** DRUGS, SEX, REAL ESTATE.

EITHER YOU LET ME **RUN**, OR I'M **QUITTING!**

ALL RIGHT! WE'LL WORK OUT A SPECIAL PLAY FOR YOU! BUT YOU GOTTA **REMEMBER**, THE **FOOTBALL** IS AN EASY OBJECT TO **DROP!**

IN THE ENSUING PRACTICE SESSIONS, THE MUTHALODE COACHING STAFF WORKS OUT A SPECIAL RUNNING PLAY WHICH IS DUBBED THE **BIG PIG FLIP-FLOP SURPRISE.**

WE LEAVE THE CHOICE OF DIRECTION TO THE HOG! THAT'S THE OPTION!

JUST MAKE SURE HE GETS A **GOOD HOLD** ON THE BALL!

IT LOOKS LIKE IT MIGHT **WORK**! NO ONE CAN **STOP** HIM ONCE HE GETS **MOVING!**

I SUPPOSE YOU'RE RIGHT! BUT IT STILL SEEMS AWFULLY RISKY TO ME!

IN THE SEMI-FINAL PLAYOFFS, THE MUTHALODE BUNGERS FIND THEMSELVES FACING THE BETHLEHEM BEASTS. MUTHALODE'S NEW CAPTAIN CORRECTLY CALLS THE TOSS.

TAILS!

WONDER WART-HOG'S SUPERB DEFENSIVE PLAYING HAS HELD THE OPPOSITION SCORELESS AS USUAL, BUT ON THIS DAY THE BUNGERS ARE HAVING TROUBLE SCORING TOO.

WITH TIME REMAINING FOR ONLY ONE MORE PLAY BEFORE THE GUN AND WITH THE SCORE STILL TIED 0-0, COACH FRUMPP SENDS IN THE EAGER WONDER WART-HOG

IT'S TIME FOR THE "BIG PIG FLIP-FLOP SURPRISE!"

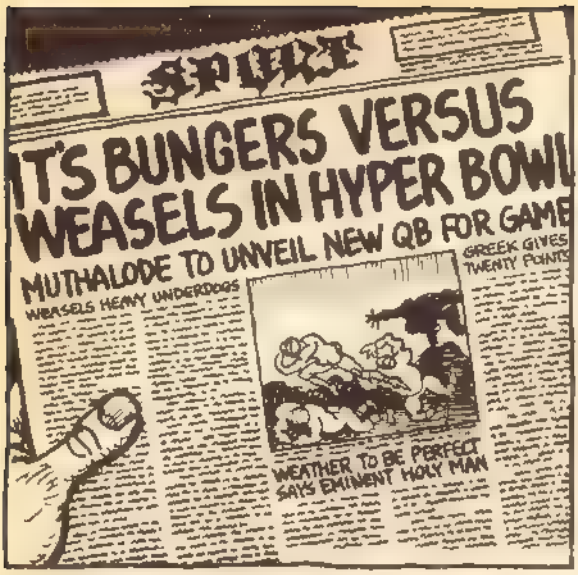
THE PLAY STARTS OUT LIKE A SIMPLE REVERSE, WITH THE QUARTERBACK HANDING OFF TO THE RUNNING BACK. OUR WART-HOG HAS BACKED UP SOME TWENTY YARDS INTO HIS OWN BACKFIELD OVER ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE.

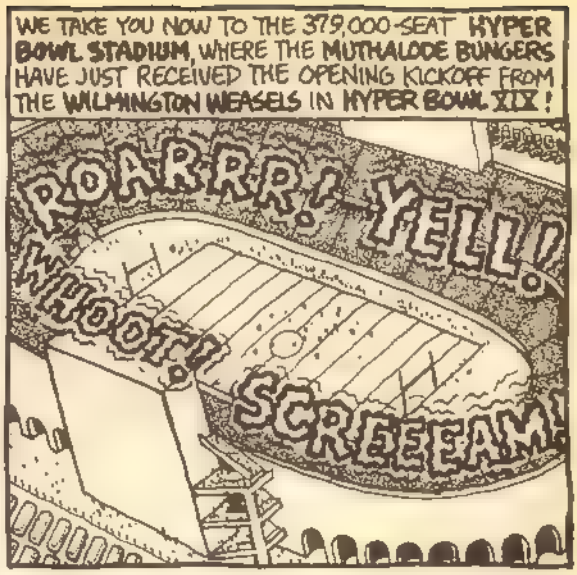
THE RUNNING BACK HANDS OFF AGAIN TO THE WIDE RECEIVER, WHO HAS LOOPED BACK ACROSS, IN A DOUBLE REVERSE. THE WIDE RECEIVER THEN HANDS OFF TO THE HOG OF STEEL, NOW RUNNING FULL SPEED AT THE LINE.

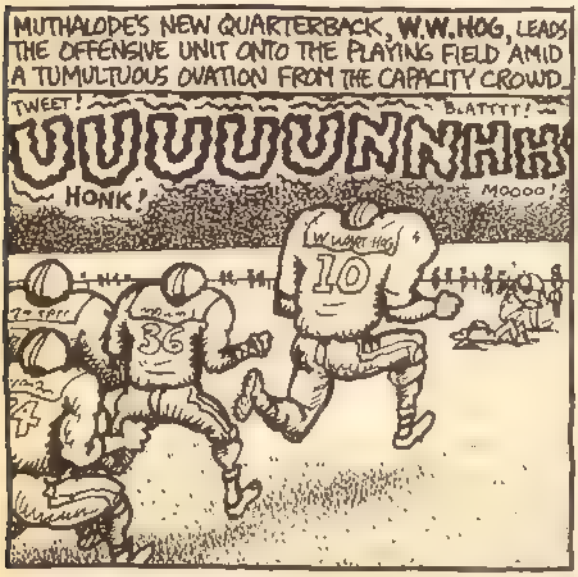
IT'S A TOUCHDOWN!

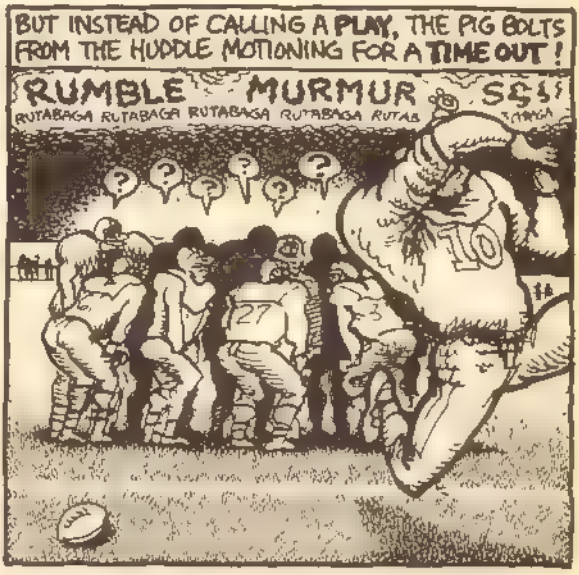
WHAT'S YOUR WISH THIS TIME, HOG? YOU'VE EARNED IT!

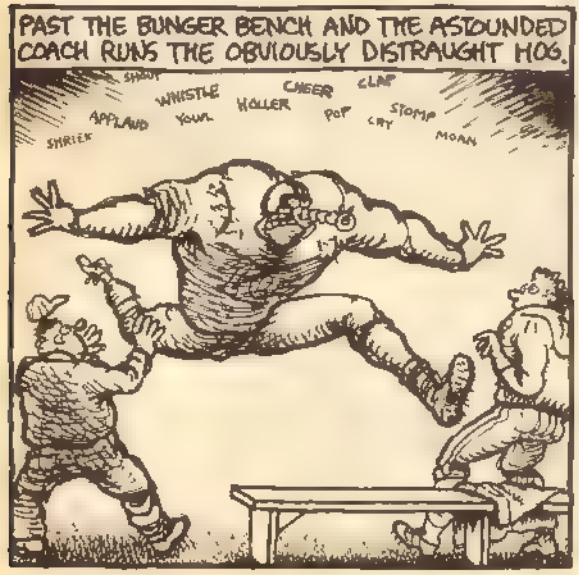
I WANT TO BE THE QUARTERBACK AND CALL THE PLAYS!


SPORT
IT'S BUNGERS VERSUS WEASELS IN HYPER BOWL
MUTHALODE TO UNVEIL NEW QB FOR GAME
WEASELS HEAVY UNDERDOGS
GREEK GIVES TWENTY POINTS
WEATHER TO BE PERFECT SAYS EMINENT HOLY MAN


WE TAKE YOU NOW TO THE 379,000-SEAT HYPER BOWL STADIUM, WHERE THE MUTHALODE BUNGERS HAVE JUST RECEIVED THE OPENING KICKOFF FROM THE WILMINGTON WEASELS IN HYPER BOWL XIX!
ROARRRR! YELL!
WHOOT!
SCREEEAM!


MUTHALODE'S NEW QUARTERBACK, W.W. HOG, LEADS THE OFFENSIVE UNIT ONTO THE PLAYING FIELD AMID A TUMULTUOUS OVATION FROM THE CAPACITY CROWD.
TWEET!
BLATTTT!
UUUUUNNHH
HONK!
MOOOO!
W.W. HOG
10
36

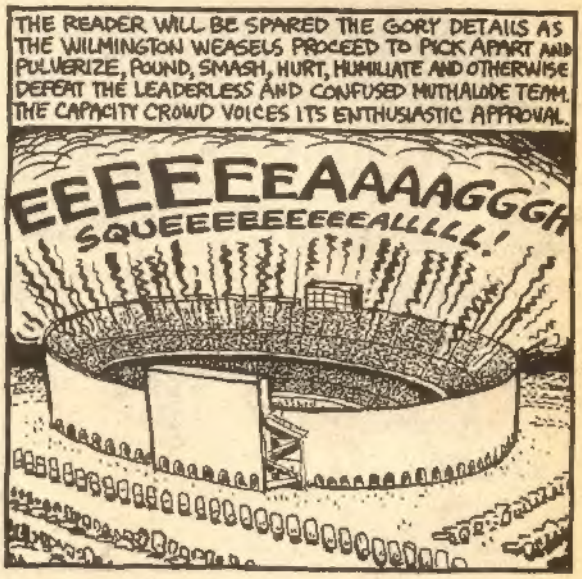

BUT INSTEAD OF CALLING A PLAY, THE PIG BOLTS FROM THE HUDDLE MOTIONING FOR A TIME OUT!
RUMBLE
MURMUR
RUTABAGA RUTABAGA RUTABAGA RUTABAGA RUTAB
10
27

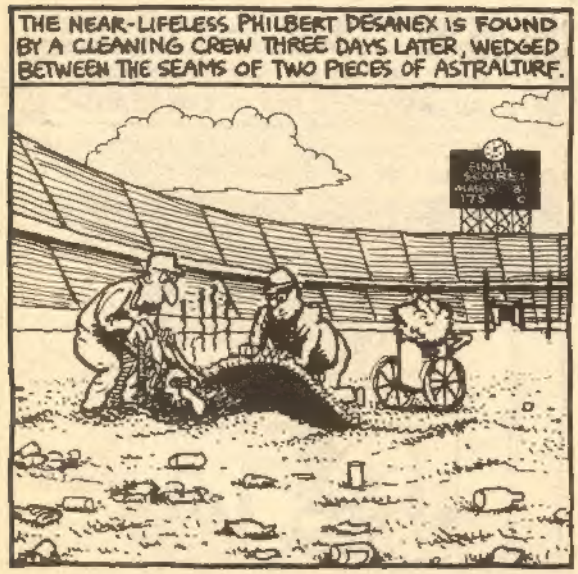

PAST THE BUNGER BENCH AND THE ASTOUNDED COACH RUNS THE OBVIOUSLY DISTRAUGHT HOG.
SHOUT
WHISTLE
CHEER
CLAP
APPLAUD
YOWL
HOLLER
POP
CRY
STOMP
SHRIEK
MOAN

ALL THE WAY TO THE DRESSING ROOM HE RUNS.
I CAN'T THINK IN ALL THAT CONFUSION! I CAN'T REMEMBER ANY OF OUR PLAYS!
I'LL HAVE TO CHANGE INTO MY ALTER IDENTITY PHILBERT DESANEX! HE CAN CONCENTRATE BETTER THAN ME!
SLAM

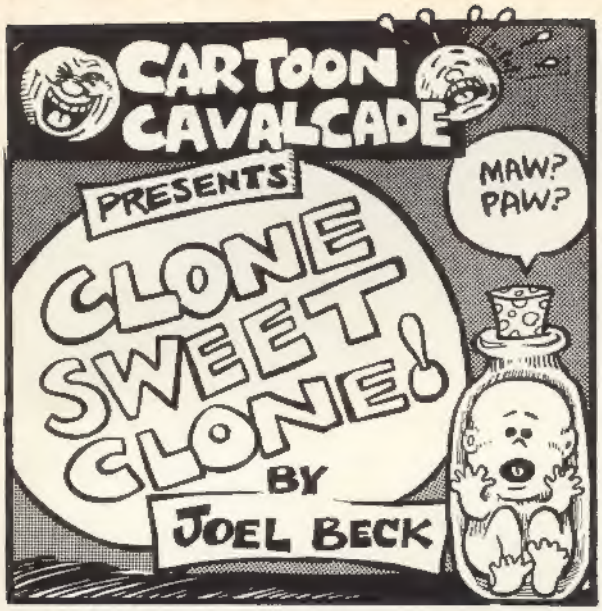
THE HOG OF STEEL REMOVES A SPARE PHILBERT DESANEX DISGUISE FROM A TINY COMPARTMENT IN HIS SECRET UTILITY BELT AND SWIFTLY PUTS IT ON.
ZIP
WHIP
BUT PHILBERT DESANEX HAS NEVER ATTENDED PRACTICE WITH THE BUNGERS, AND KNOWS NOTHING OF THEIR PLAYS.

HE IS FORCED TO CHOOSE FROM HIS REPERTORY OF SANDLOT PLAYS.
ALL RIGHT, FELLOWS! HIKE IT TO ME AND THEN EVERYONE RUN OUT FOR A LONG PASS!
BOOOO YAAAY
BOO YAABY
BOOO YAAAY


THE READER WILL BE SPARED THE GORY DETAILS AS THE WILMINGTON WEASELS PROCEED TO PICK APART AND PULVERIZE, POUND, SMASH, HURT, HUMILIATE AND OTHERWISE DEFEAT THE LEADERLESS AND CONFUSED MUTHALODE TEAM. THE CAPACITY CROWD VOICES ITS ENTHUSIASTIC APPROVAL.
EEEEEEAAAAGGGH SQUEEEEEEEEEEALLLLL!

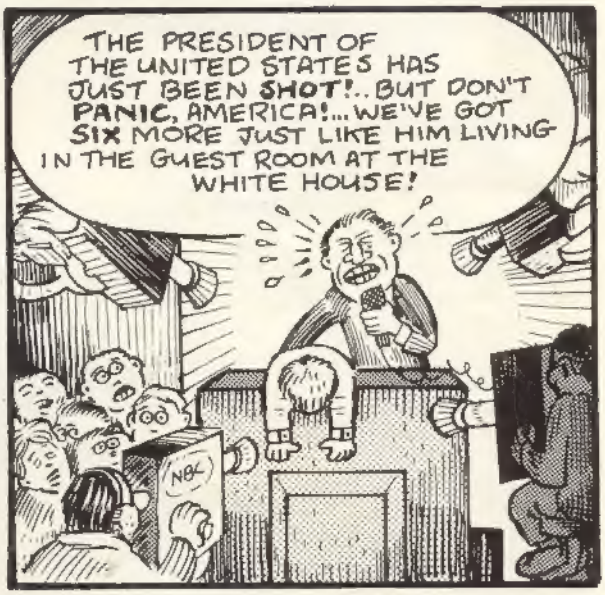

THE NEAR-LIFELESS PHILBERT DESANEX IS FOUND BY A CLEANING CREW THREE DAYS LATER, WEDGED BETWEEN THE SEAMS OF TWO PIECES OF ASTRALTURF.
FINAL SCORES
MARS 8
175 C

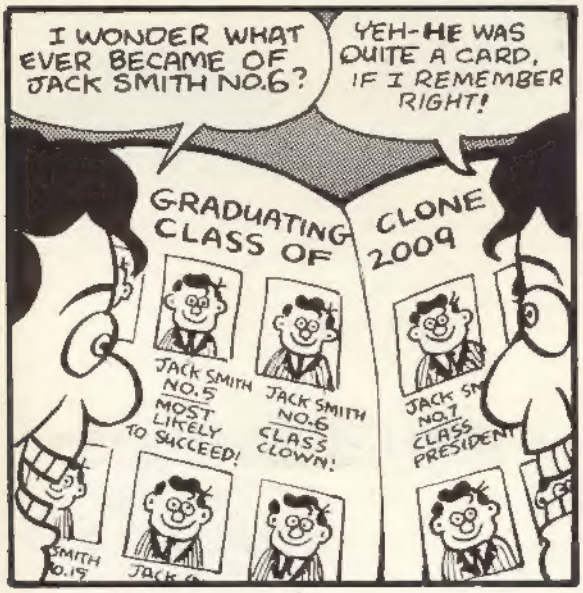
THE HEALING POWERS OF TIME EVENTUALLY RESTORE HEALTH TO PHILBERT, ALTHOUGH NEITHER HE NOR HIS ALTER-IDENTITY WOULD AGAIN EVEN THINK OF PLAYING FOOTBALL.
BUS STOP

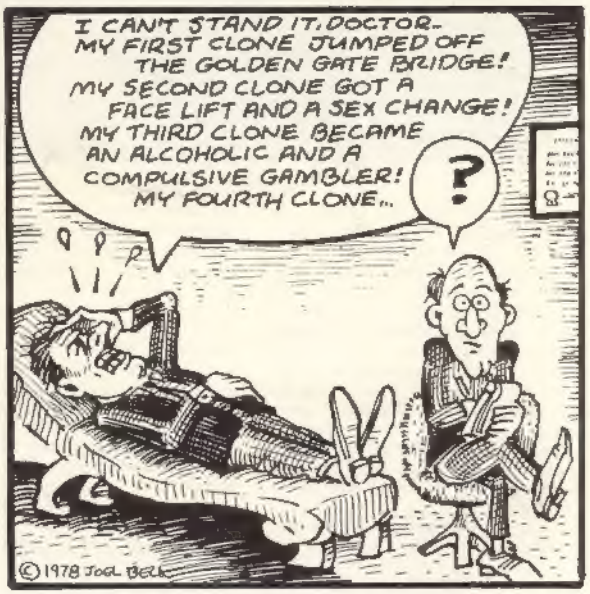

CARTOON CAVALCADE
PRESENTS
CLONE SWEET CLONE!
BY
JOEL BECK
MAW? PAW?

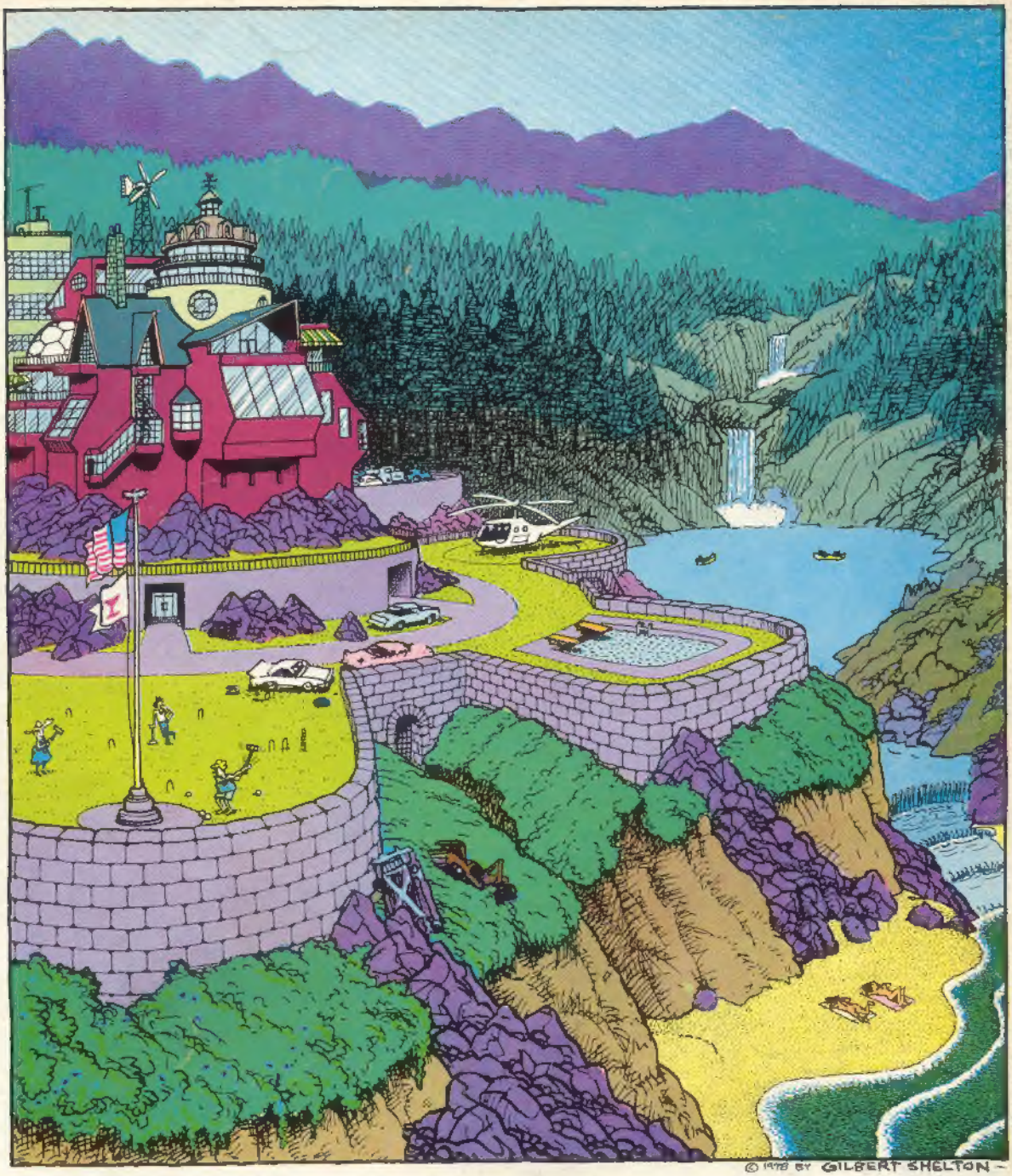
NICE TRY, MACKIE. BUT IT WON'T WORK THIS TIME!
BUT I'M NOT MACKIE! I'M HIS CLONE! YOU'VE GOT THE WRONG MAN I TELL YOU!
GOT TO HAND IT TO MACKIE. ...HE'S A MASTER OF SUBTERFUGE!
I ACTUALLY BELIEVED HIM THE LAST TIME!

LOOK, MOMMY, SANTEY CLAUS CLONES!
MERRY CHRISTMAS FROM MONTGOMER WARDS
DRESSING ROOM


THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES HAS JUST BEEN SHOT!.. BUT DON'T PANIC, AMERICA!... WE'VE GOT SIX MORE JUST LIKE HIM LIVING IN THE GUEST ROOM AT THE WHITE HOUSE!
NBC


I WONDER WHAT EVER BECAME OF JACK SMITH NO.6?
YEH-HE WAS QUITE A CARD, IF I REMEMBER RIGHT!
GRADUATING CLASS OF CLONE 2009
JACK SMITH NO.5 MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED!
JACK SMITH NO.6 CLASS CLOWN!
JACK SMITH NO.7 CLASS PRESIDENT


I CAN'T STAND IT, DOCTOR- MY FIRST CLONE JUMPED OFF THE GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE! MY SECOND CLONE GOT A FACE LIFT AND A SEX CHANGE! MY THIRD CLONE BECAME AN ALCOHOLIC AND A COMPULSIVE GAMBLER! MY FOURTH CLONE..
?
©1978 JOEL BECK



THE RIP OFF RESORT, located on a private island off the Mendocino coast of northern California, is the private hideaway of high-level Rip Off Press executives and retired cartoonists. The original mansion, built in the twenties by an eccentric railroad magnate, featured steep roofed Swiss chalet wings around a large Victorian gothic cupola. The structure has been tastefully remodeled by the underground comic book tycoons, with added contemporary-style redwood wings, geodesic domes, and a five-story prefabricated commissary-hotel for visiting party-lovers.

A series of waterfalls washes gold down from the distant mountains into the small lagoon, where it is easily picked from the bottom by guests floating lazily in canoes in the perfectly clear, still water. Most of the rest of the island is occupied by a 450,000-acre stand of virgin redwoods, exempted from federal control by a special legislative act in 1969.

All residents and guests are flown in by helicopter, approach by sea being prevented by an unbroken ring of jagged rocks. Although automobiles can be seen on the terrace, they have been flown in solely for the pleasure of Rip Off President Fred Todd, whose hobby is tinkering with cars, as there are no roads on the isle.

We'd like to invite all of you out for a visit, but, frankly, there just is not enough room for all of us. So if any of you readers think you actually want to *see* the Rip Off Resort, you'll have to gather together an *enormous* amount of *money* and maybe we'll sell you the place when we're tired of it.

Meanwhile, send 25 cents for latest catalog to:

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P.O. Box 14158
San Francisco 94114

Sir Real's

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Rip Off Comix #4

Published November 1978
1st edition
Rip Off Press
$1.00
52 pages
Printrun of ? copies
7" x 10"
ISBN:

Stories:

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12 - Griffith Observatory, "The Rednecks"
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19 - Dealer McDope Does The Showshovel Shuffle
27 - Dorman's Doggie
31 - Wonder Wart-Hog in "Sudden Death"
51 - Clone Sweet Clone
52 - The Rip Off Resort

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Dave Sheridan - 1, 19-26
Frank Stack - 1, 27-30
Bill Griffith - 1, 11-12
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